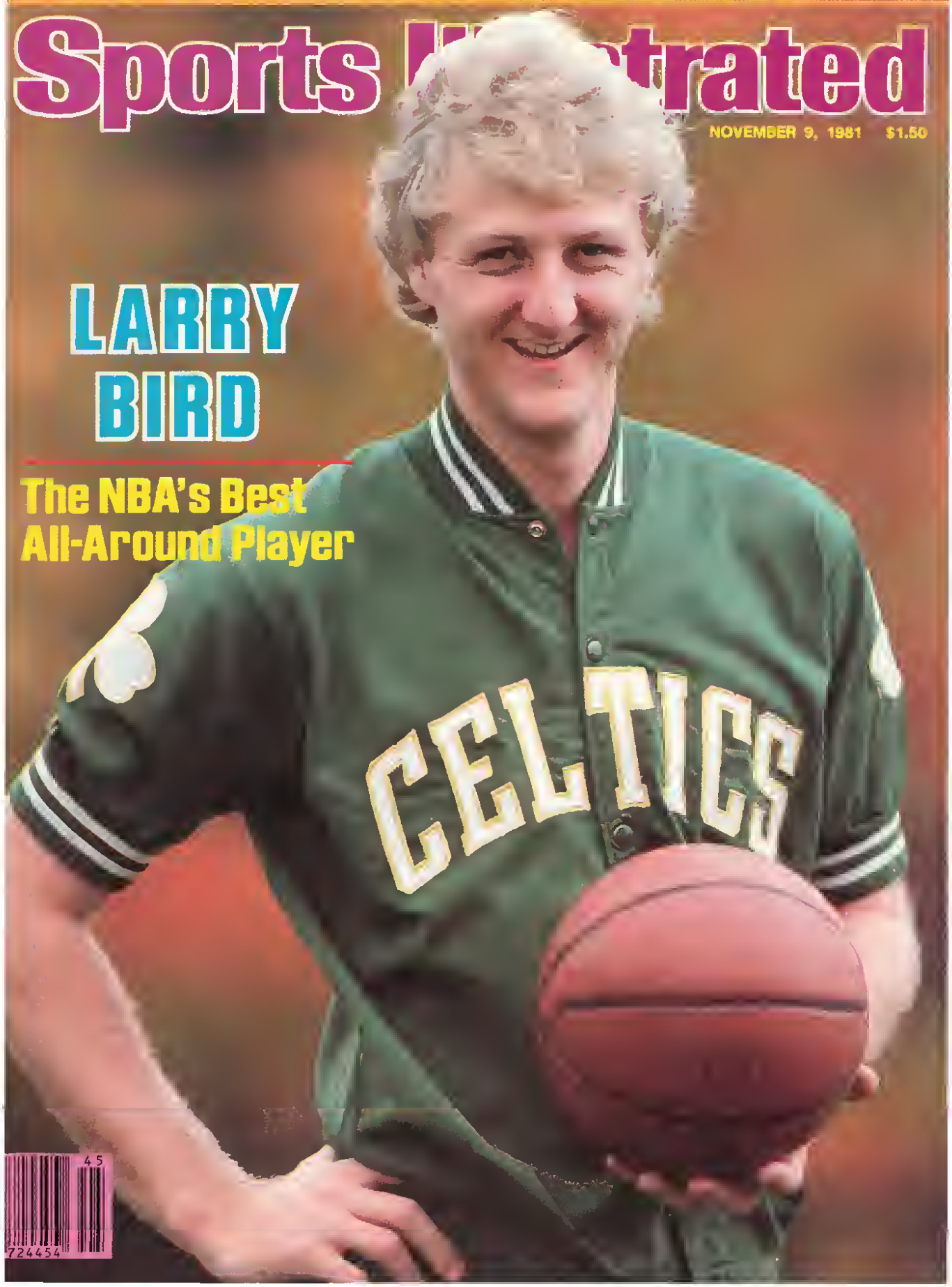
PRO BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 9, 1981 $1.50

LARRY BIRD

The NBA's Best All-Around Player



45
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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



STEWART AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS WHEN IT COMES TO CLASSY RECONSTRUCTIONS

Staff Photographer Lane Stewart lives in a Manhattan apartment with his wife, Anna, and, among other things, an 80-pound terra-cotta turkey, an ancient printing press, a two-foot whalebone walrus, three falcon perches from Bahrein, assorted busts, highly polished antique swords and papier-mâché apples, four-foot elk antlers, more than 100 antique ice-cream scoops and 222 prints, posters, photographs and paintings. Amid these mementos of his travels, Stewart pursues his hobby—painting his two- and three-inch lead soldiers, not neglecting minuscule eyebrows and microscopic rainbows of medals on their chests. A superb photographer with that passion for detail was clearly the man to set up, as well as shoot, the pictures for a special act in this, our annual pro basketball issue.

We knew that the pros were currently influenced by the college game; that was our theme. To get the pictures accompanying Bruce Newman's story, *The NBA Goes Back to School* (*page 38*), Stewart *built* the classroom.

The team we chose was the Los Angeles Lakers, who are situated conveniently near movie-prop outlets where Stewart could rent portraits of Washington and Lincoln, a radiator and a light switch. However, it took him two days to ferret out desks, lunch pails, a radiator pipe, a clock, a door with a transom, a flag and pole, a globe and a pair of half-glasses.

To make the blackboards, Stewart painted panels of masonite with ultra-flat black paint. Then, aided by L.A. photographer John Krawczyk, a longtime friend and "master at doing things," he spent two more days buying lumber and building two walls and a floor. (Stewart would have settled for a real vintage classroom, but there was none in the vicinity and the Lakers wouldn't travel.) Day Five, from 10 in the morning to 1 a.m. on Day Six, was spent loading floor, walls and props into a truck and assembling them in the ballroom of a hotel. Everything installed, he polished the desks and, to make the classroom look old, sprayed the walls with off-white paint, rubbed powdered yellow chalk into the corners and dusted the floor with powdered walnut shells.

At 7:30 a.m. on Day Six, Stewart bought apples—Red Delicious for the players' desks, "large, high-shouldered, slim-waisted apples," as he says, "to really stand out," and a Rome Beauty for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to give Teacher-Coach Paul Westhead, "smaller and rounder, easier to hold, the brightest red apple I could find."

The Lakers arrived at 11:45, Stewart took the picture and by 12:20 the job was finished. Nothing to it.

Philip D. Howlett



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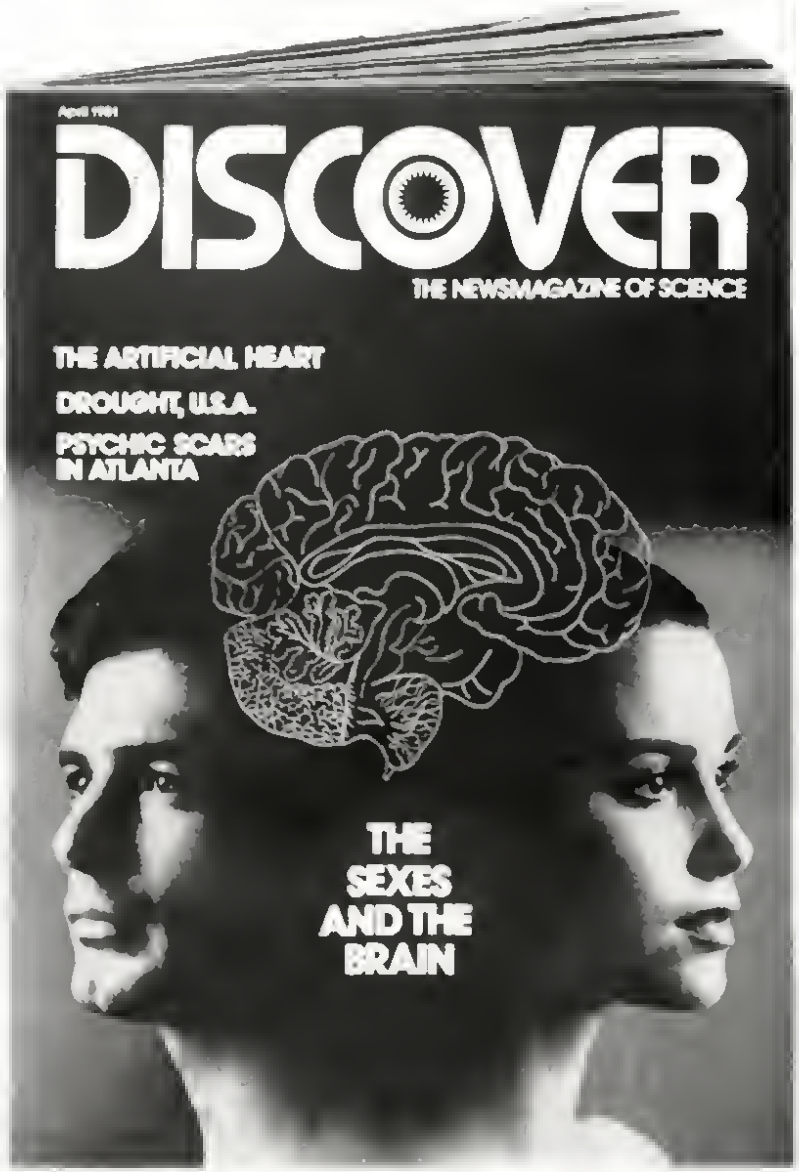
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BOOKTALK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

A FINE ACCOUNT OF A SEASON FROM A HOOPS COACH WITH A YEN FOR ZEN

Charley Rosen isn't your usual college basketball coach. He looks like a 6′ 8″ Mitch Miller, holds a master's in medieval studies and has a son named Darrell Marlowe, after a basketball player and a poet, who answers to "my main man." Rosen coached at tiny Bard College near—where else?—Woodstock, N.Y. for the 1979-80 season, and his account of that time, *Players and Pretenders* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $14.95), is a bench mark of how far the sports diary has come since Jerry Kramer's *Instant Replay*.

When Rosen took over as coach, he embellished a notice announcing varsity basketball tryouts with a quote from journeyman NBA Guard Jim Cleamons: "The flow comes from discipline and self-knowledge. . . . Playing basketball is a very spiritual experience."

The invocation attracted a curious group. There was a hockey player and former model from Canada who knew nothing about basketball; a stallion of a forward with the marvelously androgynous name of Lance Lavender; a bass player; and, eventually, an ex-con. Amid all the concern about flow and playing basketball as "a Zen exercise seeking the spiritual radiance of the game," winning was blissfully subordinated, and the Running Red Devils rolled to a 1–16 season against the Vassars and Albany Colleges of Pharmacy of this world.

Rosen wrote *Players* with the same commitment to equal time and free form that he demonstrated as coach/monk, digressing in several passages to treat academe, his boyhood in Brooklyn, bizarre parties and bad dreams. He gave every team member a chance to write a bit of the book. "The quote was a little on the heavy side," writes Lavender of how he reacted to Rosen's invitational epigraph. "The first thing I thought was, 'Uh oh, we got a space case for a coach.' "

Perhaps. But they also got someone who adores the game. Between the Zen and the zones there *is* a flow to *Players*, and it's one that leaves you with the glow of a good run. **END**

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Photography by Walter Iooss Jr for *Sports Illustrated*

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Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

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It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a golf club and as intangible as a dewy morning; exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a stadium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

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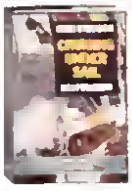
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NEW FOR SOCCER-STYLE KICKERS: A TEE THAT SHOULDN'T TEE YOU OFF

Where have you gone, Pete Gogolak? It seems that the innovation you brought to the attention of the country in 1964—kicking a football soccer-style right there on national television—has carried everything before it. Today, 26 of 28 NFL kickers (and about 70% of their collegiate counterparts) use some sort of instep-forward, sidesaddle technique. In the past year, in fact, there's even been a soccer-inspired change in the very equipment used in kicking.

A Pelé Autograph Model spherical pigskin? Well, not quite. What there is instead is a soccer-style kicking tee, devised by one of the technique's foremost practitioners. (The kicking tee first came into college football rules in 1946 and pro football's two years later.) "I guess nobody else ever took time out to think about the problem," says the new tee's inventor, Jan Stenerud. Stenerud, of course, is the veteran place kicker who now plays for Green Bay. The problem, as he sees it, is that the traditional plastic ball-holder, designed in a straight-forward era of square-toed, All-America kickers, is as conducive to sideways kicking as Chevy spare parts are to a Peugeot. "On the old-style tee," says Stenerud, "the two little pegs that hold up the ball are parallel. When you kick soccer-style, your foot is at an angle, with the toe ahead of the heel. A lot of times your foot hits the peg first, before hitting the ball." Which sends the tee flying downfield but doesn't do much for kickoff distance. "And in practice, after hitting that tee about 50 times, your foot really begins to hurt," adds Stenerud.



It was a dull ache he put up with for about 15 years of kicking. "I had the idea for the new tee almost from the beginning of my career," says Stenerud, it wasn't until 1980 (when the Kansas City Chiefs gave him "some time off" by releasing him), however, that he brought his dream tee into existence. With the help of an architect friend, he designed the prototype "Sidewinder," a functional but graceful-looking object that incorporates a pair of curving elliptical ball supports instead of the traditional pegs. "For right-footed kickers, I moved the right ball support an inch and a half forward and made it a little smaller than the other support," he says; the object, naturally, was to give the instep a clear shot at the pigskin.

The first experimental mockup, of plaster of Paris, was made by a local Kansas City dentist. It didn't work because the ball didn't come out of the supports properly. The second try was carved from wood, and the third, fashioned of aluminum, was sent to the NFL winter meetings in Hawaii. There, the league rules committee approved the Sidewinder for regular season play. Shortly thereafter, Action Products began manufacturing Stenerud's contraption, and two sporting goods companies, Rawlings and Cramer, bought the rights to distribute it. By the fall left- and right-footed versions (now manufactured of a rubber-like plastic) were selling briskly in stores for about $9 apiece.

College and high school rulemakers as well as the pros have approved the Sidewinder. In college and high school play, as all rule-book fanatics know, tees are allowed during field-goal and extra-point tries as well as kickoffs; in the NFL, they're permitted for kickoffs only.

The Sidewinder is used quite a bit—by the likes of Fred Steinfort, Tony Franklin, Uwe von Schamann and Mick Luckhurst—if Stenerud's kicker's-eye view of *Monday Night Football* broadcasts is accurate. That's his only chance to see a variety of kickers because he works on Sundays. "I hardly ever see the tee flying anymore," he says proudly.

For kickers less proficient than Steinfort *et al.*, each Sidewinder comes with a 16-page instructional booklet, written by Stenerud and copiously illustrated. END

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First Person

by OAVIS LEE

A YOUNG ADMIRER MADE CONTACT WITH HIS LORD OF THE RING, MUHAMMAD ALI

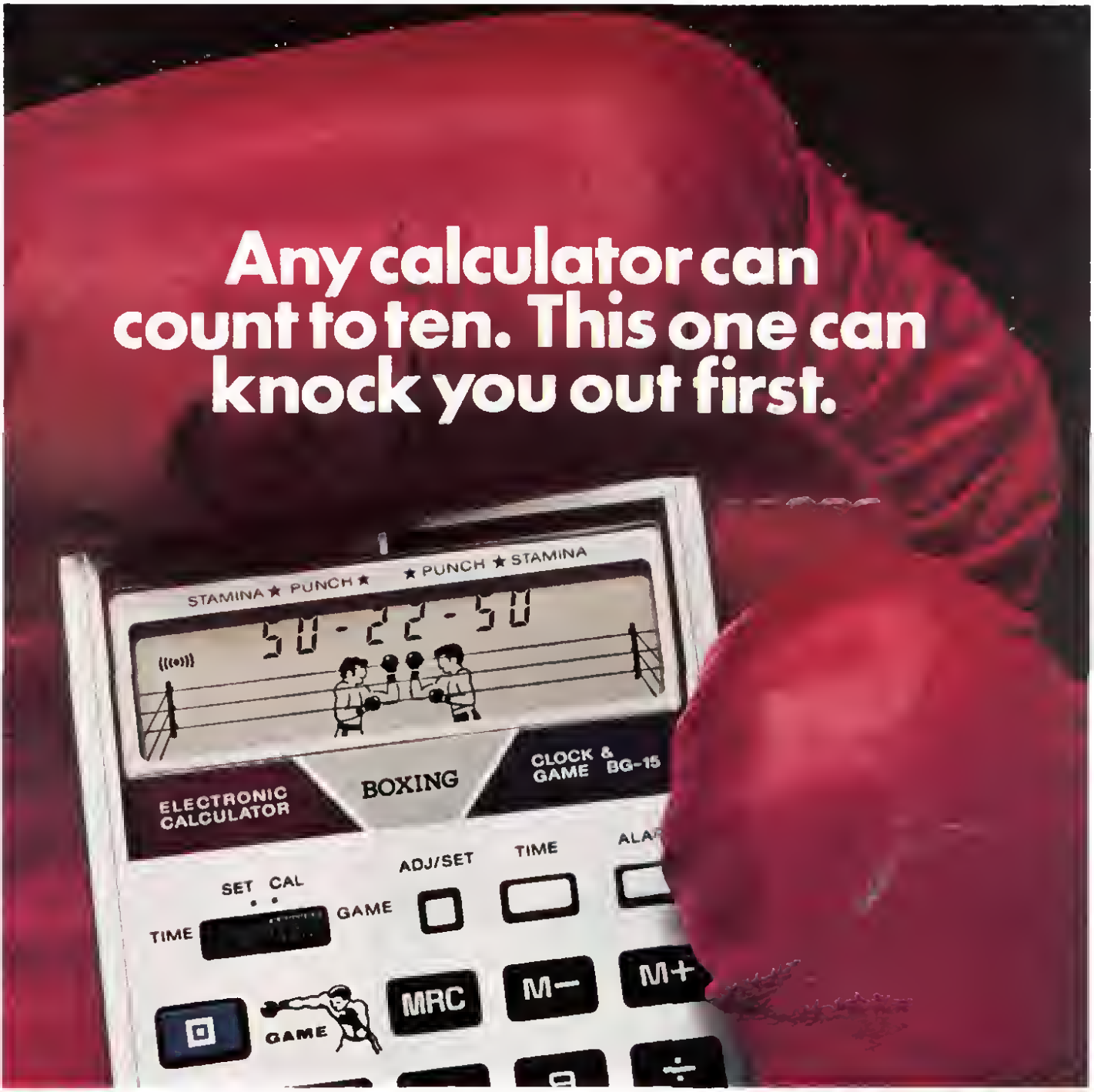
I first became a serious Muhammad Ali watcher in late 1963. I'm still watching him and now I hear that he's going to try to make a comeback. When he was almost 39, he thought he could beat Larry Holmes and become the "quadruple greatest of all times." It wasn't a necessary thing to prove. Now he says he'll fight Gerry Cooney for the heavyweight title sometime late in 1982, after Cooney has knocked out Holmes and Ali himself has won a couple of tune-up bouts.

All of this makes me remember that first glimpse I had of him and all the things that followed. That year I was a small, somewhat sickly 10-year-old and he was golden and 21 and was preparing to meet Sonny Liston for the first time. I recall sitting mesmerized in front of my dad's 21-inch, black-and-white television and listening to Ali's voice roar tinnily from the three-inch speaker as he told the world how he would "destroy the big ugly bear." "I'm big and fast and pretty and can't possibly be beat," the voice said, and I just had to believe. And I remember standing in front of the mirror in the hall after that for hours at a time, pushing my worm of a left arm out at the reflection, trying feebly to imitate Ali's cobra of a jab.

From then on, most of the events that have defined my life have, in one way or another, been related to Ali. I've always been pleased with that. In 1968, I began studying karate because I longed to become as fine a fistic artist as Ali. I then moved on to boxing and finally to kickboxing, which combined the leg-work of karate with the hand movements of boxing. I wanted to have the grace I so admired in Ali and I soon found out that I could be good—good enough in fact to begin kickboxing professionally in late 1974, shortly after Ali beat George Foreman in Zaire. My girl friend Lynn and I eloped in September 1977, and we were married in New York the day after we attended the Ali-Earnie Shavers bout at Madison Square Garden. I began to write a couple of years ago and I am working

continued

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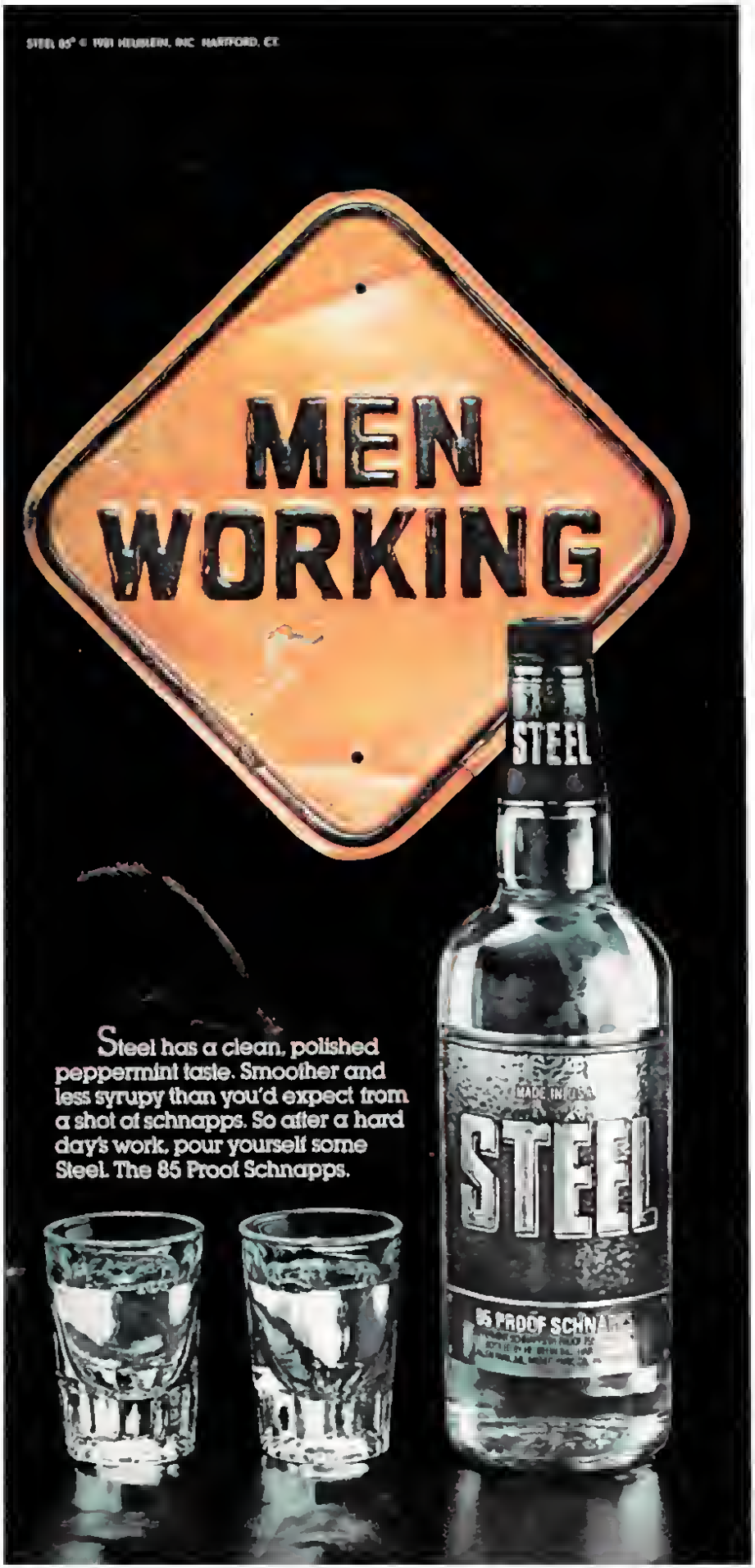
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on my first book, which, in part, is about Muhammad Ali.

I first met Ali face-to-face in June 1975, when he was training for a fight with Joe Bugner that was to take place in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. I was 22 years old then, fighting as a lightweight out of Winston-Salem, N.C., and I was undefeated in my first seven outings. My friend Bobby, who is Angelo Dundee's nephew, casually asked me if I'd like to drive up to Deer Lake, Pa. with him to watch Ali train.

"I'll see if I can't get you in the ring with him," Bobby said. He was teasing me, knowing I was one of Ali's biggest fans. He knew that my walls were covered with newspaper clippings of Ali's victories, my closet floor littered with articles written in the aftermaths of his defeats. And though I didn't believe I would even get a chance to shake hands with Ali (after all, what interest could the world's most famous boxer have in me?), Bobby knew I wouldn't be able to resist the invitation and that I'd have to go.

Bobby kept his promise, basically because, in the course of a 20-year ring career, Ali had sparred with everyone from 3-year-old tykes to their 80-year-plus great-grandpappys. Everyone, that is, except a kickboxer. And he was intrigued by the notion of sparring with a *karateka*—even a small one like me. While I was slipping into my Safe-T-Kicks (the equivalent of boxing gloves for feet) and pulling on a pair of red Everlast trunks, I heard him, through the dressing-room walls, exhorting the small crowd of spectators who had paid $1 each to watch him train. "I will prove to the whole world that I am not only the greatest boxer of all time," he said. "I am also the greatest martial artist." Yes, Ali had found a new crusade, and yet another universe to conquer. It was a pleasure to hear the same hyperbole through the walls that I had heard come through the TV speakers.

Ali was already standing in the center of the ring when I parted the ropes and stepped through. He introduced me to the crowd as "Mr. Lee, a great karate master," an accolade I certainly didn't deserve, but this was all part of going in the ring with Ali. Then he pointed his gloved left fist at me and, in a voice directed to no one in particular, only to the planet in general, he shouted, "But he must be a fool to get in the ring with Ali. When I'm through, he gonna think he

continued



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been whupped by Bruce Lee." I smiled, faked a yawn, then winked at him. He shuffled into his variation of the buck-and-wing and flashed a clown's frown.

Then we began to move around the 20-foot, sweat-stained square of spongy canvas. Staying low, I bounced from side to side and flicked a tentative front-kick to his head, from which he easily pulled away. I flipped a round-kick, the kick-boxing equivalent of a hook, toward his left kidney as a fake, saw the opening I was looking for and slid inside his arms three half-steps. Then I exploded out of my crouch and rocketed a back-fist (thrown like a jab), left-hook combination straight into the right side of his jaw.

He stepped back and opened his eyes fried-egg wide in feigned disbelief. He had never thought of me before, would never think of me again, but for two seconds he felt I deserved his serious attention. For two long seconds we were inseparably bound, whirling in a circle of electricity, each seeing nothing but the other. For two week-long seconds I was flying. Then he squashed me with just one flyswatter jab.

I saw the punch coming, and I tried to roll with it and couldn't—it was that fast. A blaze of white light went off behind my eyes. Then I felt a second heavier thump, and I had the sensation that my legs were beginning to melt out from under me.

Ali knew I was hurt and he backed off. It was obvious that he could have knocked me out with a single punch. Instead, he put an arm around my shoulders, we exchanged hugs and smiles, and it was over.

But in two seconds I had accomplished the one thing I had longed to do since that day I first saw him when I was 10 years old. I had hit The Legend, Muhammad Ali, and as we left the ring he spoke to me from a place deep in his abdomen, in a way no man had ever spoken to me before—softly, gently, almost purring. "Hey, you're not as dumb as you look. You're fast—and you sure can hit to be so little."

He may as well have said he was adopting me.

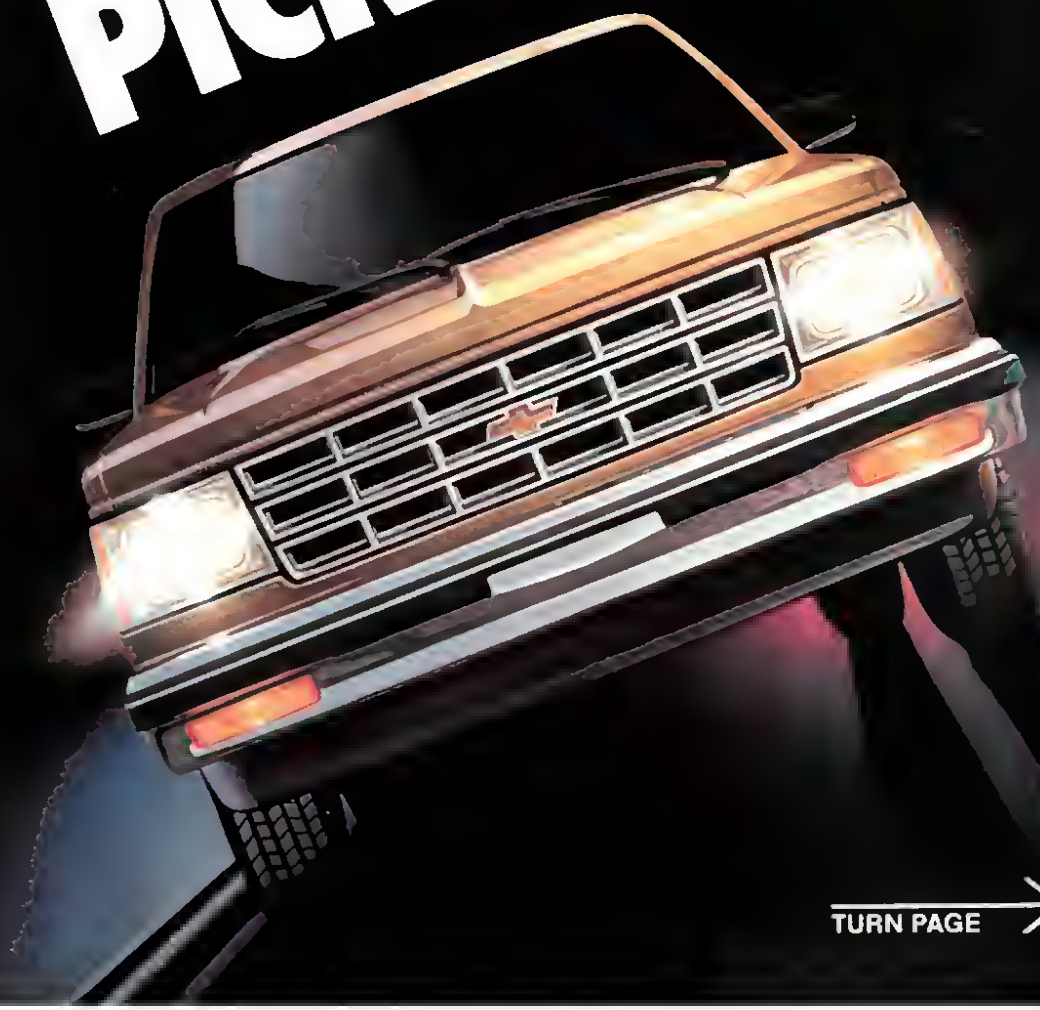
I began to shake. My insides danced to get out. But I managed to stay composed long enough to say the one thing I hoped would (and which seemed to) impress him most. With the absolute confidence I had learned from watching him on television and hearing him on the radio countless times, I said simply, "I know." **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SIR SLUR

Let's see now, was there anybody George Steinbrenner *didn't* insult during the World Series? The Yankees? As always, Steinbrenner publicly ridiculed his team's lapses, defending his right to do so by saying, "It's O.K. for me to criticize my players because I sign the checks." The horrible implication was that the Yankees were allowing themselves to be humiliated for money. The Dodgers? After L.A. grittily came from behind to win Game 5, Steinbrenner said, "They didn't play well. We gave it to them." Steinbrenner did have some gracious things to say about the Dodgers when the Series ended, but not before issuing a public apology for the Yankees' performance, a statement that had the effect of denigrating the efforts of both teams.

New York City? As partial explanation for the set-to he said he had in an L.A. elevator with a couple of ruffians, Steinbrenner allowed that they'd slurred New York, an explanation that was itself a slur, suggesting that the Big Apple was in such a pathetic state that it had to have its honor defended by a native Clevelander who now makes his home in Tampa. The fans? By taking the trouble to apologize to them for his team's showing, Steinbrenner, in effect, was accusing them of lacking the character to accept defeat. It might be argued that he further slighted them when he referred to them at one point, revealingly, as "my fans."

Have we forgotten anything? Well, yes. The only reason we even know about these many insults is that Steinbrenner succeeded in getting more ink during the Series than any player on either team. By upstaging the Series, he insulted baseball itself. The way we figure it, George was the only World Series participant who batted 1.000.

A NOSTALGIC NOTE

You'll notice that we referred to the Yankee owner in the sentence immediately above simply as George. That's because he's one of the few people on the American sports scene who are commonly called—and readily recognizable—by their first names only. Another is that familiar fellow, Howard. But if you try to think of athletes who are so distinguished, the current list, nicknames like Magic and Sugar Ray excepted, just about begins with Reggie and ends with Kareem. Things used to be different. There were Wilt and Oscar and O.J. (that is a first name, isn't it?) and Billie Jean (another one, right?) and Arnie and maybe some more. If you go back far enough, there isn't an owner or a sportscaster in the lot. Ah, the good old days.

DIGGING DEEP FOR FOOTBALL

It's pretty much an isolated case, probably something you wouldn't want to make too much of. In fact, it flies in the face of the tendency by most people these days to vote against anything that even remotely smacks of higher taxes, assessments and the like. Yet for that very reason the action recently taken by students at Southern Illinois University is noteworthy. With its athletic program plagued by financial problems, a fate that has lately befallen many schools, the university scheduled a campus referendum to decide whether the student fee to support intercollegiate athletics should be $20 or $30 per semester. University officials warned that unless students opted for the $30 charge, football would probably have to be dropped.

With one-third of Southern Illinois' 21,000 students voting, the $30 assessment easily passed, 4,801 to 2,538. "After this referendum, anyone who says people don't care about intercollegiate athletics, forget it," crowed Bruce Swinburne, vice-president for student affairs, who had campaigned for approval of the $30 fee. Swinburne and other university officials noted that no such vote in behalf of college sports could have passed on campus during the Vietnam era. What was left unsaid was that in those days of looser budgets, no such vote would have been necessary.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

Bob Silverman and Scott Weinstein were freed last week after spending nearly two days in a Montreal jail, a circumstance they didn't try to soft-pedal. To understand, you must know why Silverman and Weinstein were in the pokey to begin with. Cycling enthusiasts of a decidedly militant stripe, they became miffed by City Hall's refusal to build a proposed bicycle path into downtown Montreal despite a promise by the provincial government to underwrite the $300,000 cost. To protest, they painted their own cycling lane on a busy city street, for which they were promptly arrested. As a further protest, they declined to pay the $25 fine, thereby earning their jail sentences. The resulting publicity for their cause was only one of the reasons they found their



incarceration bearable. Another reason, or so Silverman seemed to suggest, was that jail turned out to be like Brer Rabbit's briar patch. While behind bars, Silverman, whose nickname is "Bicycle Bob," wrote a short story—on bicycling. And he says brightly, "My cell overlooked a bicycle path on the Back River. It was inspiring."

IVAN THE TERRIFIC

While John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg were getting upset last week in a tournament in Tokyo won by Vince Van Patten, Ivan Lendl was making tennis history half a world away. With little fanfare, the 21-year-old Czech defeated Sandy Mayer 6–3, 6–3 in the finals of the Lacoste Cup in Cologne, West Germany for

continued

his fifth Grand Prix victory in as many weeks, eclipsing Jose-Luis Clerc's record four wins in four weeks in the U.S. last summer. With Borg now planning a six-month layoff, Lendl appears to have his game in shape to challenge McEnroe as the world's top performer. They'll probably meet in the Volvo Masters tournament in mid-January in Madison Square Garden. But Lendl will also have to prove he can beat Jimmy Connors, something he's never done.

In the meantime, instead of trying to extend his streak, Lendl is taking this week off. In one sense, Clerc's four-week streak was more impressive than Lendl's, coming as it did during tennis' peak season and ending only with his defeat in the U.S. Open. On the other hand, all of Clerc's wins occurred outdoors and in the U.S., while Lendl's were achieved both indoors and outdoors and in four different countries. And whereas Clerc was playing only on clay, his favorite surface, Lendl performed both on clay (the Madrid Grand Prix and the Spanish Championships in Barcelona) and on synthetic surfaces (the Swiss Indoor Championships, the Fischer Open in Vienna and the Lacoste). In winning 26 straight matches against the likes of Guillermo Vilas, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried, Clerc himself (in the finals of the Swiss Indoors) and Mayer, Lendl also won an astonishing 55 of 59 sets.

MAKING THE GRADE

Academic requirements for high school athletes in California, as elsewhere, tend to be lax. Under the rules of that state's high school athletic federation, students need only receive passing grades in four courses during the previous grading period to be eligible for interscholastic sports. This means that an athlete carrying six courses could receive four D's and two F's and still be eligible.

So laughably low are these minimums that most California schools have taken it upon themselves to set more stringent standards. For example, jocks at San Benito Joint Union High in the northern California city of Hollister must have completed at least 20 units of C work or better in the grade period preceding the season. When Ted Williams, now an assistant at UCLA, was football coach at Compton High in Southern California, he made things tougher still. Many Compton students come from deprived backgrounds, yet Williams required his players to maintain a C average, a D, in other words, had to be offset by a B. "We sold them on the idea they were to get an education," says Williams.

Also sold on that idea was George Rosales, a member of the football coaching staff at John Burroughs High in Burbank who got wind of Williams' relatively exacting grade policy. In January 1980 Rosales became head coach at Burroughs and, on the theory that academic standards at the predominantly middle-class school could be even higher than those at Compton, he let it be known that he wouldn't settle for a C average. He decreed that any player who fell below a C in any course would have to sit out a

continued



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game; this meant that a D and four A's wouldn't be acceptable. Rosales' unique grade policy was introduced in early 1980 and grades were checked every five weeks—four grade checks all told. A study hall program was established for those who wanted tutoring. Even with that help, 32 players fell below C, at least briefly, during the school year. All of them sat out the opening game of the 1980 season against Canyon High.

The decimated Burroughs High Indians won that game 13–0 and had a 10–3 record last season and reached the semifinals of the Northern Conference 3A playoffs. Rosales' message meanwhile appeared to be getting across. With the study-hall program continuing through the 1980-81 school year, 21 Burroughs players, 11 fewer than a year earlier, were obliged to sit out this season's opener against Canyon High, which the Indians nevertheless won 13–7. The same all-C policy has now been adopted by Burroughs' soccer, baseball and basketball teams. The crackdown on grades has received high marks from both parents and players, who realize that when Rosales says, "We expect a lot of the kids," he's referring to something of more enduring importance than blocking and tackling.

KANDY-KOLORED RIGHTHANDER

The title of Tom Wolfe's 1979 bestseller on the Mercury space project, *The Right Stuff*, referred to that elusive quality that divided people, as Wolfe put it, into those who "either had it or . . . didn't." In an aside during an interview on modern architecture, the subject of his latest book, *From Bauhaus to Our House*, Wolfe told PEOPLE's Eric Levin that there was one area in which he himself didn't have it. Wolfe said that as a young man in the early 1950s he aspired to be a major league pitcher and took part in a tryout camp conducted by the New York Giants near his Virginia home.

"After two days, they cut the field down to about 40 prospects," recalled Wolfe. "I didn't make the cut, and I couldn't believe it. I had every pitch—many more than most pitchers had. At that time very few pitchers had a slider. *I* had a slider. I had a sinker *and* a screwball. I was a righthander, by the way. So I went to this scout and I said, 'There must be some mistake. My name's not on this list. Don't you remember me? I've got a slider, I've got a sinker, I've got a—' And he said, 'Yeah, I remember. You've got a lot of cute stuff. But son, there's only one thing we're looking for, and that's a pitcher that can tear the catcher's head off with a fastball. You get one of those, come on back."

In other words, Wolfe had good stuff but not the right stuff.

SPARE THE ASTERISKS, PLEASE

An article in a newsletter called *The SABR Bulletin* may make baseball fans feel ever so slightly better about the strike-ravaged 1981 major league season. Published by the Society for American Baseball Research, an organization of baseball historians and figger filberts, the *Bulletin* notes that while the '81 season consisted of only 103 to 111 games, depending on the team, performances of the season's statistical leaders were, with few exceptions, better than some full-season leaders of the past.

Probably the most notable stat this year belongs to rookie Tim Raines, who was sidelined by injuries as well as the strike and played only 88 games, yet stole 71 bases, far more than the champions in many full National League seasons. Similarly, Fernando Valenzuela's eight shutouts and 180 strikeouts would have led the league in several other seasons. A rundown of other comparisons between 1981 National League leaders and selected statistical champions of past years: Mike Schmidt, 31 home runs (Ralph Kiner, 23, 1946), Schmidt, 91 RBIs (Hal Chase, 84, 1916); Craig Reynolds and Gene Richards, 12 triples (Ralph Garr, 11, 1975); and Bill Buckner, 35 doubles (Henry Aaron, 34, 1956). Comparisons in the American League: Rickey Henderson, 89 runs (Ray Chapman, 84, 1918); Cecil Cooper, 35 doubles (Sal Bando and Pedro Garcia [tie], 32, 1973); John Castino, nine triples (Del Unser, eight, 1969); Rick Langford, 18 complete games (Frank Lary, 15, 1960; Dean Chance, 15, 1964); and Rollie Fingers, 28 saves (Goose Gossage, 26, 1975).

Feel better? Good. Just try not to think of how much more impressive those '81 statistics *might* have been.

THE WINNER—AT LAST

It's official. Finally. Barry Lee Weisberg, the Brooklynite who failed in his quest to finish dead last in the two preceding New York City Marathons (SI, Oct. 26), succeeded in bringing up the rear in this year's race. In 1980 Weisberg had been proclaimed the unofficial last-place finisher, only to be stripped of the title when a previously undetected rival straggled across the finish line a few minutes after he'd done so. This year Weisberg finished 13,360th and last in 7 hours, 34 minutes, 13 seconds by outwitting, 275-pound Alfredo Sardinas Jr., another aspirant to last-place honors, who was wearing a beeper to keep in touch with his eight-months-pregnant wife and who briefly dropped back to challenge Weisberg at about the eight-mile mark. We pick up the action at that point, on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn, with Weisberg dressed in his trusty Santa Claus hat and King Kong (another notable Gotham loser) T shirt. Weisberg's account:

"Alfredo and I shook hands in a sort of may-the-best-man-lose gesture. At nine miles, I stopped at a marathon party on Lafayette Avenue and had a cup of coffee and a bagel. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Alfredo go by. He didn't see me when I snuck in behind him a few blocks later. By 17 miles I figured I was pretty safe. To make sure, I stopped at a bar to change into some fresh clothes I was carrying in a bag. Down the road I phoned my parents and told them to meet me downtown for dinner. It was their 41st anniversary. After a while, Alfredo and another guy came across the line, holding hands as a sign of victory. But they'd forgotten about me. A few minutes later, I came in—the real 'winner.' "

Weisberg said he was determined to defend his last-place title next year, adding that he didn't plan to run, if that's the word, anywhere other than in New York. The Boston Marathon, he noted, "has a qualifying time to keep the kooks and weirdos out."

THEY SAID IT

- William Perry, the Clemson football team's 6′ 3″, 305-pound freshman middle guard, talking about his childhood: "When I was little, I was big."
- Tommy Lasorda, Dodger manager, dismissing the notion that the Montreal Expos, L.A.'s rival in the National League playoffs, were a better cold-weather team than his own club: "I looked at their roster and saw guys from Miami, Scottsdale and Sacramento."
- Willie Randolph, Yankee second baseman, before the sixth and, as things turned out, concluding game of the World Series: "I'm going to come out and play like there's no tomorrow." **END**


86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DIST
A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.
For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.
Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.
The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day, 20,000 mile flight around the globe.
What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.
Maxie and Kris Anderson
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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 9, 1991



The Eagles Have Landed—CRASH!

Philadelphia was flying high until Dallas came in and shot down the Eagles in the quarter that counted

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Round 1 of what figures to be a three-round Dallas-Philadelphia fight is over, with Dallas the winner on points, 17–14. There were no knockdowns in Philadelphia last Sunday, although both parties were staggered. They'll meet again for Round 2 on Dec. 13 in Dallas, on the next to last weekend of the season, and for that one everyone will probably be worrying about point differentials and other such trash stats. The NFC championship game ought to produce Round 3, unless San Francisco or some other team gets hot at the right time. But somehow you feel that these two teams are solid enough to go the route, that they'll be there at the end and that it will be a three-rounder—just like Houston-Pittsburgh used to be every year.

Sunday's game in Veterans Stadium followed a week of back-and-forth nasty quotes that created the impression that these teams didn't like each other very much. That's nothing new; nobody around the league likes Dallas. The battle

continued

Too Tall Jones is congratulated by John Dutton (78) for the sack of Jaworski that set up Dallas' winning TD.

stretched through three very strange quarters in which the Cowboys shoved the Eagles all over the place and had nothing to show for it but the short end of a 14–3 score. It ended in a wild rush, as so many of these low-scoring games do: Dallas got two TDs in the fourth quarter, and then a rough, burly backup quarterback called Paterson Plank Joe Pisarcik came in for the Eagles' injured Ron Jaworski and generated enough offense to march Philly down to the Dallas 16, at which point a dropped pass and a missed field goal turned out the lights.

Until then the Eagles' offense consisted of just one drive and one huge play, an 85-yard Jaworski-to-Harold Carmichael pass. The Cowboys had been smooth and consistent on offense, right until they got near the goal line. Then bad things happened. But when it was over, Danny White, their quarterback, stood by his locker and launched into a speech heard so often in Dallas locker rooms through the years. It's known as the Tom Landry Soliloquy.

"Today he was the best I've ever seen him," White said. "All year the Eagles had been built up as having such a great defense, but we were moving the ball against them at will. The fact that we missed out on three scores because we turned the ball over in close is frustrating. We could've scored 38 points today.

"Coach Landry's play-calling was brilliant; he was constantly one step ahead of them. They'd overload against Tony Hill [six catches, 121 yards], and he'd come back with the counter play. Then they'd just about defense that, and he'd go back to the way we started, play-action stuff and the passing game."

Now the houselights were dimming; there was soft organ music in the background. "He's the hub of the wheel behind everything here," White was saying. "It's just like he has his hand in your back, pushing you along."

Cut to a close-up of a hand. Then to a dripping sponge.

"If you just let yourself be a sponge, let yourself soak up and digest everything he says . . . once you've got 45 players believing everything he says, then you've got a great football team."

Segue to Landry, who's sitting on a chair in the coaching room, studying the Coke he's sipping; his bald head reflects the overhead light. A messenger has just relayed the news to him that White said he was one step ahead of the Eagles. The hub-of-the-wheel and the hand-in-the-back parts were not mentioned. "Well," Landry said, looking up. "We won."

Or, to put it more clearly, the Cowboys won the fourth quarter, because that was the only one in which they didn't turn the ball over. In the first quarter they drove to a first-and-goal on the Eagle 25, where White failed to read Free Safety Brenard Wilson playing a deep centerfield. Wilson's goal-line interception got the Eagles out of trouble. On Dallas' next possession it got a field goal only because Left Tackle Pat Donovan was a good crawler. The Cowboys were on the Eagles' 10, and White got sacked and fumbled. Donovan crawled after the bouncing ball and reached it before the Eagles' Claude Humphrey and Carl Hairston did. "That," said Dallas Safety Charlie Waters, "was the unsung play of the game."

Two series later, back came the Cowboys, this time to a first-and-goal at the Eagle four. Philadelphia Defensive Tackle Ken Clarke flicked the ball out of Tony Dorsett's hand, Linebacker Al Chesley recovered and Philly had dodged the bullet again.

Back came Dallas on their next possession, in the third quarter. They were trailing 7–3 at this point, but here they stood with a third-and-two on the Philly 15. White lobbed the ball to Dorsett on a little flare pass that looked like six points

When the Cowboys needed it most, Dorsett rambled—including this game-winning TD rip past Middle Guard Charlie Johnson.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN



When the Eagles needed it most, Franklin missed and holder John Sciarra was miffed.

Dorsett bobbled it, Linebacker Jerry Robinson dived to make the interception, and White, in frustration, smacked himself on the side of the helmet and wondered what under the darkening Philadelphia sky had to be done to get a score.

Three plays later Jaworski showed him. Jaws had failed to convert on all six of the Eagles' third-down plays to that point, but now he found Carmichael on a post pattern that wound up as the 85-yard TD, 41 pass, 44 run. Everson Walls, the rookie cornerback, had been left out to dry on the play, but let's not be too hard on this young man, because 1) he was supposed to have gotten some jamming help on the line from D.D. Lewis, the linebacker, except that Lewis missed the defensive audible, and 2) he actually got a hand on the ball and knocked it straight down, the 6′ 8″, 225-pound Carmichael showing his amazing gripping strength by holding on to it.

"*Just because he's skinny doesn't* mean he's not strong," said Walls, who got an unmerciful going-over by the Eagles—17 passes thrown his way during the afternoon, seven completions, one interference penalty. "There's a lot of body there."

Dallas launched a drive at the end of the third quarter, the whistle blew, and the fans in the Vet breathed a sigh of relief, because Philly was ahead 14–3 and they all knew the fourth quarter belongs to the Eagles. In eight games this year they'd lost only one fourth quarter, and that was in a comfortable victory over New Orleans. In 19 regular-season and postseason games last year they'd lost only one, again in a relatively safe victory, over Washington. All of Coach Dick Vermeil's three-hour practice sessions, all the work in pads on Friday and those terrible afternoons in camp, all that was a tune-up for fourth-quarter football. This time Dallas won it. A desperate 17-yard pass to Doug Cosbie on a broken play gave the Cowboys the touchdown that brought them back to 14–10. "I think that play broke their concentration," said Landry.

The Eagles began making those silly hands-in-the-back penalties on their runbacks. Their pass blocking broke down, and now Jaworski was running for his life. The Cowboys got the ball on the Philly 39. Five running plays—three of them by Dorsett for 28 yards—and they *were in, Dorsett going the last nine yards* over the left side and surging across with two tacklers vainly hanging on. Dallas: 17–14.

"The Eagles just didn't seem to have the killer instinct," White said. "They weren't the same in the fourth quarter as they were in the first three."

The Eagles had one gasp left in them. With 4½ minutes to go, Jaworski was blitzed by Cornerback Dennis Thurman, a play that drew a spearing penalty—plus Pisarcik off the bench. Paterson Plank Joe, the former Giant, the guy who figured in that famous missed handoff with Larry Csonka that got the Eagles their wild-card playoff berth in 1978. "As soon as I saw the hit on Ronnie," Pisarcik said, "I reached for my helmet."

The Philly crowd had booed Jaworski; they'd booed the inexplicably herky-jerk Philly offense, but now they had a cause to rally around. How they love backup quarterbacks, how they cheered when Pisarcik hit Carmichael on a 24-yarder on his first play.

"The only other pass I threw this year was against Washington," he said, "also on my first play. No sense being bashful about it."

He scrambled 10 yards for a first down on the Cowboy 16. On third-and-10 Thurman blitzed again, and Pisarcik went to the automatic read, the slant-in pattern, and hit Rodney Parker on the numbers for the winning score. Except *that Parker dropped the ball. Enter Tony* Franklin, 14 out of 19 field goals on the year. Now it's 14 of 20, after his 34-yarder hooked left. "He won't miss a field goal like that in 100 tries," Landry said.

"The snap was good, the hold was good, I blew it," Franklin said. "But I'm not going to let it destroy me, like those misses did last year." In 1980 he was 16 for 31.

The Eagles' offense had been banged up. Their left guard and his backup were playing hurt; two fullbacks and a halfback are on injured reserve. On Sunday it showed. There was no consistency. Their defense was tough in spots, but as White said, the Cowboys had the knack of hitting Philly with exactly the right play at the right time. The big pregame controversy had involved respect and class. The Cowboys said the Eagles hadn't shown class last year before the NFC title match, with all that tee-heeing about how Vermeil's puff quotes had set Dallas up. A few Philly players said the Cowboys didn't respect them—and never would.

"Respect," snorted Humphrey, who has been around long enough to know where the truth lies, "is something a father expects from his kids. Football players don't worry about respect."

Which should end the discussion. Back to your corners, gentlemen, while we await Round 2. **END**

A Last Hurrah For Los Angeles

For some Dodgers, there may not be much time left to enjoy their World Series victory over New York

by RON FIMRITE

There was a poignancy to the victory party last Friday afternoon in Dodger Stadium, a poignancy that suffuses any gathering at which old friends get together for what may be the last time. Indeed, for many guests at the lavish shindig in the Stadium Club, where the wine flowed freely and the band played on, the joy was tempered with the knowledge that this could be more of a farewell party than anything else. The mood was: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you could be traded to San Diego.

Not even this undercurrent of fatalism could douse buoyant spirits, though. The Dodgers had come home as World Series champions for the first time in 16 years, and they had soundly beaten the Yankees, the team that had humiliated them in 1977 and '78. Somehow, an estimated 80,000 Angelenos got off the freeways long enough to salute the Dodgers in a victory parade to City Hall. And now the players were celebrating in relative privacy, savoring this sweet victory. Tomorrow was another day.

The Dodgers had every right to toast themselves. As they had in the two National League playoffs, they had come battling from behind to win. They won the Series exactly as the Yankees had in '78, losing the first two games on the road, winning the next three at home and finishing up with a lopsided win in their rivals' park. And they made the Yankees look every bit as bad as they themselves had looked in that earlier Series. In several of their losses, New York base runners more nearly resembled guys trying to crowd into a subway train than the cool professionals they usually are. Fifty-five of them were left on base, a record for a



Howe sweet it was for Garvey and Yeager after Pitcher Steve retired the last Yankee.

six-game Series. One Yankee who wasn't left on much was the $23 million man, Dave Winfield, and for the good reason that he had just one hit in 22 at bats.

George Frazier of New York's vaunted relief corps set another record by losing three of the six games. The only other pitcher to lose that many was Chicago's Claude (Lefty) Williams in an eight-game Series in 1919, and he is remembered as one of the Black Sox fixers. Frazier lost all his on the up-and-up, but he had help from Yankee Manager Bob Lemon, who saw fit to lift starter Tommy John in the fourth inning of the final game for pinch hitter Bobby Murcer, who then lined deep to right, typically leaving two runners stranded. John and most of the 56,513 fans in Yankee Stadium were baffled by this apparently panic-induced strategy in what was then a 1–1 game. "I couldn't believe it," said John. "I said, 'I hope you've got somebody in the bullpen who can hold 'em.' Logically, it wasn't a good baseball move."

Lemon's choice was Frazier, who got into the record books by quickly giving up three runs in the Dodger half of the fifth, two of them scoring on a Pedro Guerrero triple. The rout was on, to be culminated by a Guerrero homer in the eighth that delivered his fifth RBI of the game. Relievers Ron Davis, Rick Reuschel, Rudy May and Dave LaRoche couldn't stem the flood of runs, although LaRoche did strike out Davey Lopes with his LaLob, providing at least a measure of comic relief.

The Yankees played badly in that 9–2 defeat, but not nearly so badly that they deserved owner George Steinbrenner's tasteless public apology to the people of New York for his team's performance. He may ultimately have lost his credibility, though, when he alleged that he "clocked" a couple of louts in a Los Angeles hotel elevator. But if nothing else, Steinbrenner should be credited with selecting the most original venue for fisticuffs in baseball history. George may very well be the first brawler to ask his antagonists to step inside. Knocked down going up? Floored between floors? Out, please.

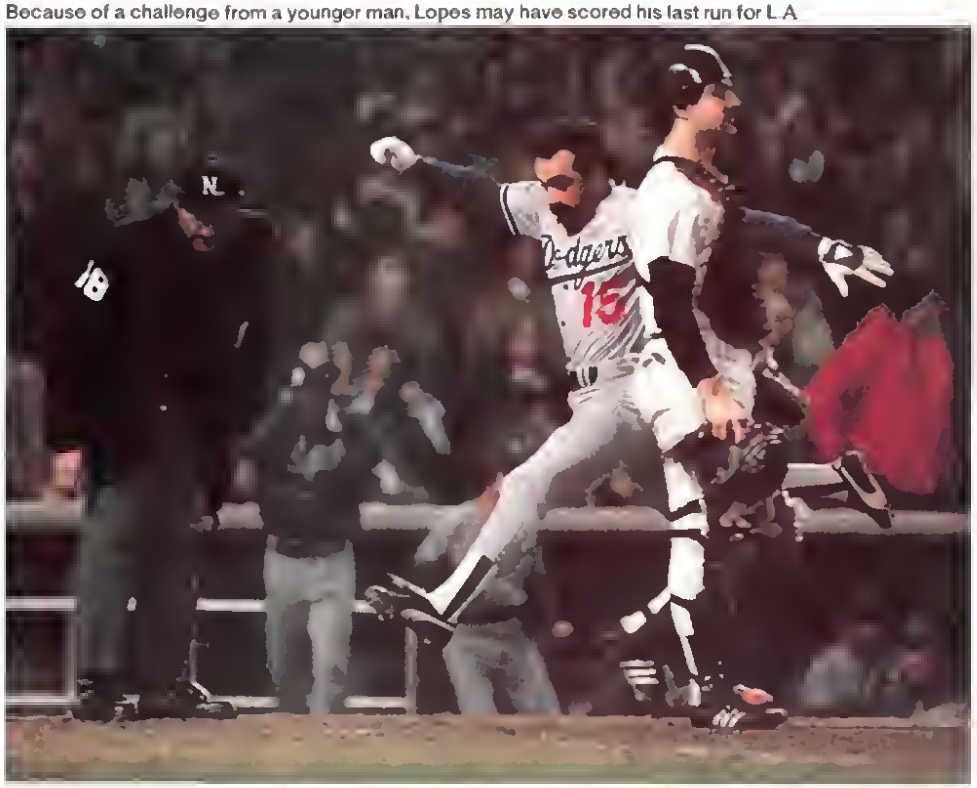
The Yankees showed little skill and little class in this Series. The Dodgers showed lots of character, as they ceaselessly reminded one and all. "It's never easy to come back," said Lopes, "but we've done it so many times before that we never lost confidence." Said Rick Monday, "If we had listened to what people were saying—that we didn't have a snowball's chance in hell—we'd have mailed in the scores. But we have guys who are just stubborn enough not to listen." Steve Garvey, who aspires to a career in politics, paraphrased another politician in describing L.A.'s victory as one of "blood, sweat and tears." The Dodgers also made no secret of their satisfaction in finally beating the Yankees. Three years ago, when they emerged as whining soreheads after the Yankees whipped them, the New York fans taunted them and the New York press laughed at them. Now, the worms had turned. "You don't know how sweet it is to beat New York in New York," said Lopes. "We wanted the Yankees. If somebody has kicked your butt twice, you want the chance to kick his."

The Dodgers had perhaps an even stronger motivation than revenge—the realization that for many of them it was now or never. "A lot of guys felt they weren't going to be here next year," said Jay Johnstone, whose pinch-hit two-run homer in Game 4 was called the "turning point" of the Series by many of his teammates. "A lot of them thought this would be their last chance to get that ring. I looked over in the dugout and there were Rick Monday and Reggie Smith sitting together with about 30 years in the bigs between them and no championships. Now they have a ring." Said Monday in agreement, "You don't know how many times you can go to the well."

For Johnstone, who won his first ring with the Yankees in '78, Monday and Smith there may never be another time. They're all more than 34, and their Dodger contracts all expire this year. They are aging outfielders on a team that has swarms of youngsters ready to take their places. The infielders, who have played as a unit for eight seasons and are now all more than 32, are on only slightly less shaky ground. In the '78 Series they were ridiculed as jugglers and scatter arms. This time, they were much better, although Lopes set a Series record for second basemen by committing six errors. "The infield wanted this one bad," he said.

continued

Because of a challenge from a younger man, Lopes may have scored his last run for L.A.



Added Shortstop Bill Russell, "It was a silent feeling that this might be our last chance. We didn't mention it, but it was there. I'm glad it was against the Yankees. Not that we felt we owed them one, but it was just nice. Of course, we're too old to win it. We're over the hill. We've only been doing it for eight years. I think we dispelled any doubts."

"I don't think it's necessary to bring that up," said Ron Cey, testily, in response to the predictable question about the infield's future. "Give us credit. This is one of the most successful infields of all time."

For First Baseman Garvey, a .417 hitter in this Series, the win represented "the end of a very sentimental journey. Our infield that has played together so long may not be together much longer. What better way to finish than with a world championship."

In the clubhouse after the last game, the victors seemed at first subdued, almost contemplative, as if it would take time to place their achievement in perspective. "I'm not feeling it yet," said Leftfielder Dusty Baker. "But tomorrow I'll be home and I'll say, 'Heck, we're world champs.' "

The clubhouse quiet was soon broken, however, when pitchers Jerry Reuss, Terry Forster and Tom Niedenfuer and Catcher Mike Scioscia started a food fight. With a splash of mayonnaise here, a dab of ketchup there and a splotch of mustard over there. Reuss gradually took on the appearance of an abstract painting, or as Johnstone said, "You look like Bill Russell after nine innings of trying to field those grounders." The melee inevitably gravitated into the manager's office, where Tom Lasorda, praising his players to the press for their "guts," was speedily delicatessed. "I thought I'd apologized for my sins," said Lasorda, a clown turned genius, "but I guess the Lord is paying me back. He gave me Johnstone and Reuss."



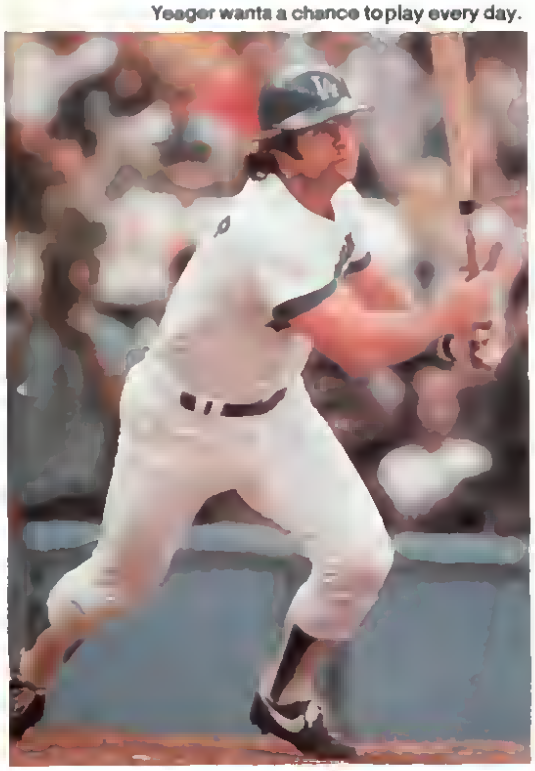
Trade rumors put Guerrero in San Diego.

The laughter had scarcely died when speculation on the future of the team began. In Paradise Valley, Ariz. last week, where Dodger president Peter O'Malley and vice-president Al Campanis were attending a general managers' meeting, it was rumored that Guerrero, co-winner with Cey and Catcher Steve Yeager of the Series MVP award, was about to be traded to San Diego for Shortstop Ozzie Smith. Guerrero, who is only 25 and can play either third or the outfield, was one player whose future in Los Angeles seemed secure, but Smith is probably the best-fielding shortstop in baseball, and it takes quality to get quality. If Smith comes and Guerrero goes, Russell must also go. He has an uncertain throwing arm and hit .233 during the season, .240 in the Series. He also has a recent history of injuries, which now include a bad index finger on his right hand and a stress fracture in his left foot, both of which will probably require surgery in the off-season. Smith is more than six years younger than Russell, and though he's a light hitter, he's a threat on the bases, something the Dodgers sorely need now that Lopes has slowed down.

The threat to the 35-year-old Lopes isn't from the outside but from within. Steve Sax, 21, hit .277 in 31 regular-season games as the oft-injured Lopes's replacement. Lopes hit .206 in 58 games. Sax, a fiery, hustling player, could conceivably replace him as the Dodgers' offensive catalyst. Defensively, he should be an improvement. Campanis is especially high on him, remarking whenever he sees Sax, "Now, that's a good second baseman." Lopes can still run the bases—he was 4 for 4 in steals against New York—but he doesn't get things started as a leadoff man often enough anymore and, like Russell, he has been getting hurt too frequently.

Garvey's contract doesn't run out until after next season, but he has been pressing the Dodgers to get cracking on a new one. His price is expected to be in the $1.5 to $2 million-a-season range, which gives O'Malley pause. Garvey is to the Dodgers what Gehrig once was to the Yankees, their Pride, and he's enormously popular with Los Angeles fans, if not always with his teammates, who have been known to be jealous of his following. Still, he *is* costly, and there's another youngster, Mike Marshall, waiting in the wings. Marshall is 21, 6′5″ and 215 pounds. He has never hit less than .300 in

Yeager wants a chance to play every day.



Russell, one of the veteran infielders, is on





By pushing the right buttons, Lasorda managed to win his first world championship.

four minor league seasons, and this year he became the first player in 25 years to win the Pacific Coast League Triple Crown. His PCL stats were staggering—a .373 batting average, 34 homers, 137 RBIs. Garvey may still be the present, but the future isn't that far off.

Fortunately, Marshall can also play in the outfield, where the Dodgers are especially rich in young talent. Among those ready to step forward are Candido (Candy) Maldonado, 21, who hit .335 with 21 homers and 104 RBIs in Albuquerque, Ron Roenicke, 25, who hit .316 in the PCL and impressed the Dodgers with his defensive skills in a brief stint with the big club, and Bobby Mitchell, 26, a deft centerfielder and .300 hitter in the minors. Earlier this season, the Dodger outfield seemed set for years, with Baker in left, Guerrero in right and Ken Landreaux in center. But Landreaux had a dreadful "second season" and finished at only .251, and Guerrero is suddenly trade bait. Only Baker, 32, whose contract runs through 1985, now seems safe.

Series hero Yeager—.286 with two homers and four RBIs against the Yankees—scarcely played in the regular season and has asked to be traded. At 32, he will more than likely be obliged.

And speculation like this continues through seemingly countless permutations. If Guerrero stays, he could move to third to make room for one of the young outfielders and Cey could go. The pitching is solid, but here, too, there are enough youngsters to make life uncertain for their seniors. The Dodgers could well be planning to break themselves up.

That was the secondary theme played at the victory party, and Campanis, the man with the authority to shake and break, was right there, patting backs, passing along congratulations, smiling benignly, a Godfather. Campanis both countered and encouraged speculation with some Dodger Blue homilies: "We don't make changes, the players make changes. . ." "Competition from within is the Dodger way. . . ." "Complacency is anathema. . ." "If you stand still, they'll pass you. . ." "We have never been a trading ball club." "You replace loose bricks, you don't tear down the house." He's fond of telling about an architect friend who, when someone expressed admiration for the architect's handsome house, embarked on a lengthy recitation of what was wrong with it and what was missing from it. The Dodgers will replace some loose bricks here and there, Campanis said during the party. "Fortunately, we have a reservoir of young talent," he said. "Eventually, they will be used. When, I don't know. These decisions will be made at Vero Beach in spring training." One method of reconstruction that will almost certainly be eschewed is the free-agent market, where the Dodgers came up empty-handed recently with Don Stanhouse, who didn't pitch this year, and Dave Goltz, who won only two games. The market, says Campanis, "has left us with a bad taste."

It was a swell party the Dodgers threw for the players. Old Brooklyn hero Roy Campanella told everyone how proud he was of them. "Fellas, there's nothing like playing on a winner," he said. For laughs, a belly dancer was turned loose to bedevil Lasorda. And as the afternoon wore on, the sun, which had shone brilliantly on the green field below, dropped behind the stadium rim so that there were only shadows outside. There were shadows inside as well. For many of the Dodgers, their moment in the sun will be all too brief. As Campanis said that afternoon, quoting the Bard, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." **END**

the way out if Padre Smith is on the way in.



Cey was one of the Dodgers' three MVPs.



...And Another No.1 Bites The Dust

Penn State was the latest to tumble, but considering Miami's improving stature, it was only barely an upset

by WILLIAM NACK

"I took this job with the idea of building a national champion. I think we've progressed toward that goal. I envision this athletic department, someday, as comparing with those of Southern Cal, Notre Dame, Penn State. We're moving steadily in that direction. I think we're close to being able to play with any team in the nation. Our game tomorrow will be on national television against the No 1 team in the nation. If we can pull it off, then everybody in the country—even the casual fan—will know that we're for real. That's the significance of this game for us. We're just liable to win it. I'm enjoying this. This thing tomorrow is going to be fun." Those were the words of Howard Schnellenberger, football coach at the University of Miami, last Friday, the day before his Hurricanes met undefeated Penn State in Miami.

Fun was hardly the word to describe what Schnellenberger had the next day in the Orange Bowl. In a game whipped by gusts of wind up to 23 mph and lashed by intermittent showers—a game that left a dozen Penn State players sobbing in their locker room and the Miami celebrants roistering merrily in theirs—the Hurricanes, unranked by AP and SI, defeated the Nittany Lions 17–14 and thus showed themselves to be, as Schnellenberger knew they could and thought they would, a team whose emergence as a major power is at hand.

The very idea of Miami playing tough against one of the best football teams in the country would have seemed, at best, absurd just a few years ago. In the course of the 1970s, for instance, the Hurricanes played difficult schedules—coaches of highly ranked teams tended to sign them up as a sort of weekend of R & R before facing serious rivals. Miami was 42–67 during that 10-year stretch, as Notre Dame and Alabama mauled them fairly regularly, and they never were better than 6–5 in any year. Then all of that suddenly began to change.

In 1979 Miami Coach Lou Saban left, and in came the 44-year-old Schnellenberger, who wore an uncoachly mustache, smoked a pipe, gave orders in a basso profundo voice and brought with him all the wile and experience of 20 years of coaching, first as an assistant under Blanton Collier at Kentucky, then under Bear Bryant at Alabama, where Schnellenberger ran the Tide offense in the heady days of Joe Namath; then as an assistant to George Allen with the Rams; and then as offensive coordinator under Don Shula in Miami, where Schnellenberger was in charge of the offense during the Dolphins' glory years of the early 1970s. He became the head coach of the Baltimore Colts in 1973 but ran aground there in 1974 when owner Robert Irsay summarily canned him.

"I got fired on the sidelines during a game with the Philadelphia Eagles," Schnellenberger recalls. "Mr. Irsay wanted me to put Bert Jones [who was then a second-year pro backing up Marty Domres] in the game. I had already told

Kelly was a surprise starter in 1979's upset of Penn State. A regular this season, he did it



Jones he was going in on the next series of downs, and Mr. Irsay comes up to me in front of my team and *directs* me to put him in. I said, 'Mr. Irsay, I was going to do it, but I can't do it now because you've said it in front of my team, and if I do it now I've lost my football team.' We lost the game and he fired me."

Schnellenberger rejoined Shula in 1975 and stayed with the Dolphins until the Hurricanes called in 1979. He brought with him to Coral Gables the Dolphins' offense, for which he takes no credit. "Shula learned it from Weeb Ewbank," he says. "Ewbank learned it from Paul Brown. Where the hell Brown got it, I don't know. Now we run the Dolphin offense, or 85% of what they do." Schnellenberger also brought with him a Dolphin, Quarterback Coach Earl Morrall, and they were not at Miami long before they discovered the arm they needed to propel their pass-oriented offense and the receivers to run its sophisticated patterns.

The quarterback discovery came in the 1979 game against Penn State, of all teams, in University Park, Pa., of all places. Schnellenberger had begun that season with Mike Rodrigue, then a sophomore, as his signal-caller, but he had figured there would come a time when Jim (Country) Kelly, a strong-armed freshman, would be ready to take over. Kelly is from East Brady, Pa.—the Nittany Lions had recruited him, but they saw the 6′ 3″, 210-pound prospect as a linebacker, so Kelly had said, "No thanks"—and while Kelly had no college experience going into the Penn State game, Schnellenberger thought he might seize the occasion, in front of family and friends, and rise to it.



Schnellenberger got his offense from Shula, who got it from Ewbank, who got it from . . .

Two hours before the game, Schnellenberger told Kelly he was starting. "My heart went to my toes," Kelly recalls. More than that, says Schnellenberger, "He promptly went to the bathroom and threw up." He also threw for three touchdowns and completed 18 of 30 passes for 280 yards to help upset the Nittany Lions 26–10.

So Schnellenberger had himself a genuine quarterback, not to mention a victory over Penn State. "That was a real turning point, a real kickoff, for what we've been able to do since," says Schnellenberger, under whom the Hurricanes have gone from 5–6 in 1979 to 9–3 in '80 to 5–2 so far in '81.

Not incidentally, Schnellenberger also eventually got himself a fine receiver out of that Penn State game, one capable of complementing the outstanding Larry Brodsky, whose father, Joe, is the coach of the Hurricanes' offensive backs. Before this season, having finally resigned himself to the fact that the No. 1 quarterback job would never again be his, Rodrigue suggested to Schnellenberger that he become a receiver. That was just what Schnellenberger had had in mind. "But I'm glad Mike asked," he says.

So the former quarterback became a split end—and a pupil of his former fa-

again, passing for 220 yards and one TD.



to make myself like carbon paper and do everything you do,' " Rodrigue says. "As a quarterback, I knew the plays. I stood behind him in practice day after day and imitated him. We also spent a lot of time talking."

"I caught Frisbees on the beach with him for four or five hours a day," Brodsky says. "Chasing them into the surf. I was like Mike's Labrador."

The two receivers are now a matched pair. Both are quick, but neither is particularly fast, so they have taken to calling themselves the Average White Boys, a takeoff on the name of the rock group called the Average White Band. Brodsky, who's half Jewish and who likes to relax in country and western bars, also answers to the Jerusalem Cowboy. They play it loose, these two. "I think they're as good as any two professional receivers in the country," says Schnellenberger.

continued



Franco missed every one of his four field-goal attempts, largely because guys like Hurricane

Lou Saban recruited well, leaving Schnellenberger with more than a strong arm and sure hands to put the Hurricane offense in motion. Among Saban's legacies is senior Dan Miller, a field goal kicker known to his teammates—and to his chagrin—as Big Foot. "Really, I've got a pretty small foot," says Miller. "Eight and a half regular . . . 6½ in a football spike. The kicking shoe should fit tight." Miller is Miami's all-time leading scorer, with 217 points, and has twice saved the Hurricanes this year—once with 40 seconds left against Florida, when he kicked a 55-yard field goal for a 21–20 win, and again against Houston, when he had field goals of 44, 50, 34 and 32 yards in a 12–7 victory.

He began learning his craft by kicking footballs between two banana trees growing on a neighbor's property in Clewiston, Fla. "The leaves came straight across and formed sort of a crossbar," he says. "But, after a while, they cut the trees down because the balls were landing up next to their house. I've since spent hundreds and hundreds of hours on football fields practicing by myself. Some people take up tennis and golf. I took up kicking."

So did Greg LaBelle. LaBelle is a punter who cites his Tae Kwan Do karate as the key to his accomplishments. "It helped out my balance, my flexibility and my concentration," he says. "It helped me follow through. When I was a freshman, my follow-through was waist-high. Now it's over my head. Better hang time, better distance." After he took up karate in 1979 his punting average climbed from 35.8 yards to 40.6 in 1980.

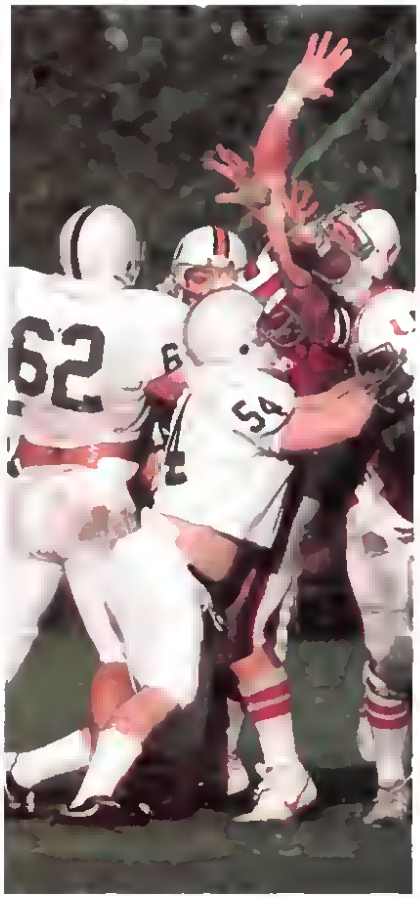


Fullback Chris Hobbs got 58 yards on receptions.

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno came to Miami knowing he was up against more than Country Kelly, the Jerusalem Cowboy, Big Foot and a karate kicker. The Hurricanes had yielded an average of only 12.8 points a game in a schedule that included games with Florida (25.3-point average), Houston (19.3) and Mississippi State (21.7). Paterno also knew that the Hurricanes had lost to Texas 14–7 and to Mississippi State 14–10 because in both games a touchdown had been called back.

He was aware, too, that Miami has an All-America candidate in Free Safety Fred Marion. ("If there's a better safety in America, he's in the NFL," Schnellenberger says.) And another candidate in 6′3″, 277-pound Defensive Tackle Lester Williams, who runs the 40 in 4.8. If Miami was soft anywhere, it was in pass protection. The Hurricanes had already lost their two best offensive linemen, John Canel and David Stewart, to knee injuries. Schnellenberger fitted 6′3″, 251-pound Bill Welch, a junior-college transfer, into Stewart's shoes for the Penn State game, and that was a spot Paterno intended to probe. "We've got to get to Kelly," he said. "We've got to be able to do it without blitzing. He reads blitzes like a pro. He's a big league quarterback. We've got to beat people one-on-one. We've got to get to Kelly."

Clearly Paterno wasn't taking Miami lightly, despite the fact his defense had yielded but nine points a game while his offense was scoring 36.8 and averaging 440.7 yards a game in total offense. In Curt Warner, the 6–0 Nittany Lions had the third-leading rusher in the nation (167.6 yards per game), and in Sean Farrell and Mike Munchak, Paterno said he had maybe the two best offensive linemen ever to play at Penn State. He also thought that Brian Franco, the placekicker who had made 11 of 12 field-goal attempts, was probably better than the Nittany Lions' fabled Bahr brothers. All in



End Tim Flanagan (90) loomed very large.

all, even the close-lipped Paterno let it be known that this was perhaps the best team he had ever coached. "This is the fastest team we've ever had," he said over coffee the morning of the game. "They need a couple of real tough ball games to know how good they are."

What the Nittany Lions now know is that Miami is for real, and that they are no longer No. 1. Kelly ended up throwing for 220 yards and one touchdown. Penn State just couldn't get to him, largely because Welch, who was tested as Paterno had promised, passed with high marks from his own coach. "I thought his play was the most important thing out there," Schnellenberger said. That and the Hurricanes' defensive line, which cut the Lions off at the corners and corked up the middle. Warner, who was still suffering from a pulled left hamstring that had kept him out of the West Virginia game a week earlier, played only two quarters and was held to only 21 yards in 13 carries, and Penn State, which had been averaging 308.5 yards a game rushing, gained but 69 last Saturday afternoon.

The final difference was in the insteps. Franco missed four field-goal attempts, while Miller had three banana splits—two, of 28 and 42 yards, in the first quarter and a third, of 23 yards, in the fourth. Big Foot's last field goal, following a Penn State fumble at the Nittany Lions' 14-yard line, was ultimately the margin of victory. Meanwhile, LaBelle penned up Penn State with an average of 42.1 yards on seven punts, only two of which were run back—for a total of two yards.

The Miami touchdown came on a second-quarter Kelly-to-Brodsky pass play that covered 80 yards. Kelly had called an audible, and as he dropped back, he looked left to primary receiver Rodrigue. But Rodrigue was covered. Kelly seemed about to throw the ball away, when he looked to the right. "Thank the Lord he looked over here," said Brodsky, who was sailing up the sideline near the 50. Kelly hauled off and threw. "A great pass," said Brodsky. "He threw it inside, so I went inside, and it gave me momentum." Penn State Defensive Halfback Paul Lankford flew past Brodsky on the outside, unable to make the tackle, and away Brodsky went. Free Safety Mark Robinson gave chase and Brodsky knew he was coming.

"I said to myself, 'Larry, don't look back!' " Brodsky said. Suddenly he saw the five-yard line beneath him, and he dived. Robinson also dived, but too late. Brodsky was in. Rodrigue then caught Kelly's pass for the two-point conversion that made the score 14–0.

Trailing 17–0 in the fourth quarter and with pelting rain seeming to underscore the fact that its No. 1 ranking was going down the drain, Penn State staged a comeback that almost saved it from the fate of Michigan, Notre Dame, USC and Texas, its predecessors at the top of the wire service polls in this wild season. On the Nittany Lions' first possession of the final period, sophomore Quarterback Todd Blackledge ended an 80-yard, nine-play drive with a 13-yard scoring pass to Tight End Mike McCloskey. After Penn State's two-point conversion pass failed, Miami took over on its own 20, determined to stay on the ground and eat up the clock. But on the second play of the series the ball popped loose from the grasp of Halfback Smokey Roan when he was tackled on his own 28 and Nittany Lion safety Robinson snagged it in midair. Two plays later Blackledge found Warner's replacement, Jon Williams, in the left flat for a 26-yard TD pass. This time Blackledge hit Flanker Kenny Jackson for a two-point conversion, and with 6:53 still to play the Hurricanes' lead was down to three points.

And that's the way it stayed as Miami's defense capitalized on Penn State miscues. A bad pitch from Blackledge to Williams stopped the Nittany Lions on their next series, Miami's Middle Guard Tony Chickillo recovering his second fumble of the day on that play. But Penn State, which held Miami to only 52 yards rushing, stopped the Hurricanes on three straight rushes and, with 1:48 left, again got possession of the ball, on its own 32. Bang. Blackledge, who completed 26 of 39 passes for 358 yards, hit Williams for 12 yards. Maybe a No. 1 team would be able to hold on to the top spot for longer than three weeks this year. But on the next play, Miami Linebacker Scott Nicolas tipped a Blackledge pass, and Marion sealed the Hurricanes' victory by intercepting it. Schnellenberger had gotten what he came for.

And one more thing. On the wall of Schnellenberger's office there's a framed copy of the front page of *The Miami Herald* from the day after the Hurricanes beat Penn State in 1979. The headline reads: WOW! UM STUNS PENN STATE. Schnellenberger had put it up there as a memento of a watershed moment in Miami football. Now he has another. The headline in Sunday's *Herald* read: UM SACKS NO. 1 PENN STATE. END

Miami held ailing Warner to 21 yards on 13 rushes.



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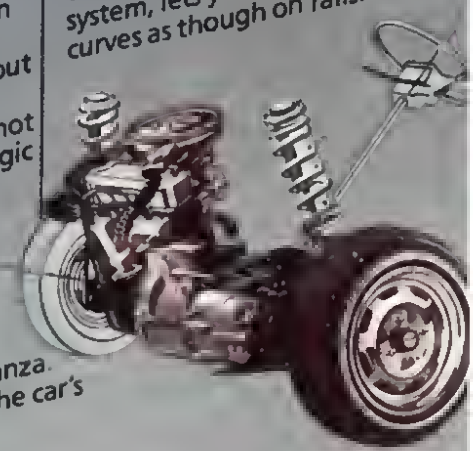
46	32
EPA EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG

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THE NBA GOES BACK

What are Norm Nixon, Mitch Kupchak, Michael Cooper, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Jamaal Wilkes and Magic Johnson doing in a classroom with



TO SCHOOL

aker Coach Paul Westhead? Hitting the blackboards, just ke the rest of the league *by* **BRUCE NEWMAN**

If it is true that we have just two real homes in our lifetime, the first being "the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in," as Robert Frost put it, then surely the second is school; no other place was ever more a haven for our growing up, no other time *continued*

in our lives more certainly our own. And, for many of us, it is college, of all schools, that evokes the strongest sense of place, the most intense sense of loss when we leave it.

It is little wonder then that professional basketball, after years of taking the college game's best players, has gotten homesick for the campus. "I had the most fun of my life while I was in college," says New Jersey Nets Coach Larry Brown (North Carolina '63), "and if you ask anyone in the pros, they'll say the same thing." With more former college coaches in the NBA than ever before and with fresh, college-like emphasis on teaching and the execution of fundamentals, pro basketball seems about to graduate to new levels of excellence. "No question," says the Houston Rockets' Del Harris, who coached at Indiana's Earlham College and was an assistant at the University of Utah before coaxing the Rockets to the NBA finals last season. "My definition of pro basketball the last five years: It's the college game with better players and no four corners."

After nearly a decade of declining fan interest—a decade in which the NCAA championship game has become the centerpiece of CBS's three-year, $48-million college package—the NBA seems intent upon revitalizing its image and its game and, to a surprising extent, it has turned to the campuses for new ideas. "All you have to do is look at the job Cotton Fitzsimmons did in the playoffs last year," says San Diego Coach Paul Silas, referring to Kansas City's surprising victory over Phoenix in the Western Conference semifinals. "He's a former college coach, and there were a lot of college-type ideas in his approach to playing the Suns. It was a great job."

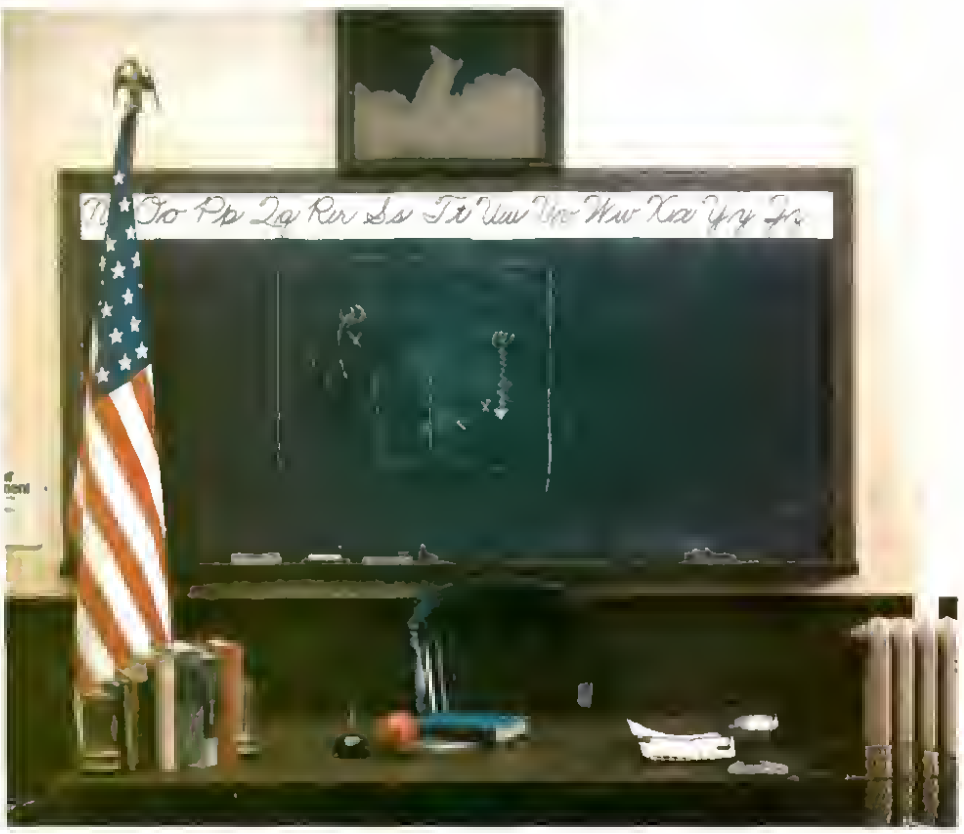
Fitzsimmons, who's looking extremely collegiate these days with his new wavy hair, was on the leading edge of an influx of teacher-coaches when he came to the NBA from Kansas State in 1970, but he has been around so long now that he seems to have forgotten his roots. "The college coaches have had some influence in areas like organization, scouting and use of assistants," he says, "but the NBA has also followed the lead of the NFL in many of the same respects. I don't think anybody in our league is trying to be like North Carolina's Dean Smith. I don't have a blue team."

But that's not the point. Sure—and thank goodness—the college-coaches-turned-pro haven't carried with them every gimmick they used at State U. What they have brought to the NBA are multiple, pressing defenses and playbooks that actually get used. The trend toward such coaches and the style they favor has gathered so much momentum over the past decade or so that they now hold sway just at a time when the league needs a shot of innovative thinking.

At the start of the the 1967-68 NBA season, only two of the league's 12 head coaches had college experience (Cincinnati's Ed Jucker and Los Angeles' Butch Van Breda Kolff); within a year the two had become five, with the addition of Chicago's Dick Motta, Philadelphia's Jack Ramsay and Cincinnati's Bob Cousy. Motta, who came from Weber State to take over the Bulls, had never even seen an NBA game before he coached in one. When the league opened its season last Friday, 13 of its 23 coaches and 24 of its 43 assistants had coached in college. Only two teams, Milwaukee and New York, have coaching staffs with no college experience. The impact of such men has so altered the NBA game that there are times when it almost resembles basketball.

"There has been such a large influx of college ideas into the game that it has revolutionized pro basketball," says Silas. "There's a lot more coaching being done today than just throwing the ball out on the floor." Silas, who became a head coach as soon as his 16-year playing career was over, believes that the NBA's original "college" coach was the Celtics' Red Auerbach, who never worked on a campus in his life. "I don't think these coaches are doing anything that Red wasn't thinking about 20 years ago," Silas says. "In a sense, Red was always a college-type coach. Red thought the whole thing out." No wonder Auerbach teams won nine titles in the NBA's first 20 years, before other franchises took to hiring college men. The present Boston

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



A diagram left over from Professor Westhead's latest lecture in Low Post 101...

coach, Bill Fitch, prepped for the job at Coe College, North Dakota, Bowling Green and Minnesota before taking over the Cleveland Cavaliers in 1970.

"It used to be that you'd see the same offense everywhere," says Golden State talent consultant Pete Newell, who won an NCAA title while coaching at Cal in 1959. "All these new college coaches represent different thinking." And that has produced a variety of new approaches to the game. Don Nelson, who came to coaching directly from the Celtics' lineup, has given the Milwaukee Bucks a playbook that involves about 80 pages on team defense and another 20 on offense, while Motta—now with the Dallas Mavericks after a four-year term in Washington—says, "We use the same basic offense I've used since I coached junior high school teams. It's proven at every level." Whatever the method, the pros are spending more time looking at videotapes and chalk boards than at any time in the league's 35-year history. "There's definitely more teaching today than ever before," says Utah Jazz assistant Bill Bertka, once the coach at Kent State. "The offenses are much more sophisticated than in the past when it was more a clear-out and one-on-one game."

Phoenix Suns General Manager Jerry Colangelo, who was an early proponent of bringing college coaches into the NBA, says, "When I came into the league 15 years ago, I was appalled at the lack of sophistication at the coaching level. Even former players who are now coaching learned from college coaches, and it has resulted in improved coaching principals."

To most NBA fans the name Doctor means Julius Erving, but to many insiders, the "doctor" is Jack Ramsay, who, most observers agree, started the college-coach trend in Philadelphia 13 years ago. After having been general manager of the 76ers for two years (when the 76ers won 68 games and the title in 1966-67, and the next year, when they won 62 games), Ramsay took over as coach of a team that had traded Wilt Chamberlain, and then lost Center Lucious Jackson early in the season. So Ramsay, who had earned his reputation with short, quick teams at St. Joseph's College in the late '50s and early '60s, reverted to the pressing and trapping defenses that had helped him make his name. The 76ers won 55 games that year. Ramsay, who has a doctorate in education from Penn, thinks Dean Smith of North Carolina and Bobby Knight of Indiana are the college coaches who have most influenced the pro game: "Players from Dean's program know the running game and trapping defenses. Bobby's players are always sound defensively."

But, with former St. Joe's players Paul Westhead and Jack McKinney running NBA teams—L.A. and Indiana, respectively—and with another, Jimmy Lynam, working as Ramsay's assistant in Portland—Dr. J, as in Doctor Jack, may be the greatest influence.

The assumption here, obviously, is that the college game is—or, at least, has been—esthetically superior to the NBA's. The validity of that notion was brought sharply into focus two years ago when NBC began programming top college games on Sunday afternoons, directly opposite the NBA game of the weak—sorry, week—on CBS and blew the pros out in the ratings. Indiana's Knight may have best captured the indifference—and occasional outright contempt—that many viewers had come to feel for the basketball played in the NBA: "If I had the choice of watching a pro basketball game or two mice making love on television, I'd watch the mice. Even if the screen was fuzzy."

Last season, on Sunday afternoons, the league had an average Nielsen rating of 6.4, compared with an 8.2 average for college games on NBC and 7.4 for *The Superstars* on ABC. Things reached such a sorry point that the weeknight games of the league's championship series were shown, on tape, at 11:30 p.m. in most places.

The outcry about the television schedule was so great that the league and CBS compromised. In 1981-82, the NBA would start its season three weeks later than usual and CBS would guarantee to televise all of its championship games live. With the late start, that series will not begin until June, when the May sweeps—the important ratings period

continued



. . .is brought to life on the floor as Magic lobs to Kareem to set up a back door.

on which future advertising rates are based—are over. A less important, but significant, advantage to the later start is avoiding opening the NBA season during the World Series.

In a way, CBS's plans for pro basketball this season are an indication of the league's problems. Because CBS now has a big chunk of the college basketball package and raided NBC for analyst Billy Packer (after serious negotiations with Knight), it has plugged its college games into later and more lucrative Sunday afternoon time slots than those of the NBA, which is in the last year of its contract with CBS. If CBS doesn't choose to negotiate a new contract with the league after this season, the NBA will be in danger of losing network TV coverage, as the NHL did in 1975. NBC, however, which lost the NCAA basketball package to CBS, may be in the market.

CBS hasn't been entirely blameless in the decline of the NBA's fortunes. While college fans were getting the eccentric and sometimes delightful coverage of Packer, Dick Enberg and Al McGuire, CBS was giving us Brent Musburger and Sonny Hill, one-on-one halftime shows, Brent Musburger and Billy Cunningham, three-on-three celebrity shoot-outs, Brent Musburger and Mendy Rudolph, updates on shattered backboards from Brent in the studio, Brent cutting to courtside for slam-dunk contests, Brent talking to various "mountain men" and "big guys," Red on Roundball, Brent, Brent and, whenever possible, more Brent. This year, solid yet emotionally involved Dick Stockton will be paired with Bill Russell, while Packer will work with Gary Bender, last year's NBA play-by-play man.

And while the NBA was painting its face with all manner of three-point baskets and loose-ball fouls, the college game remained rooted in pure basketball and honest enthusiasm. And it may be that enthusiasm that is the colleges' greatest weapon against the NBA. "Strip away all the bands, the cheerleaders and the alumni [from the colleges]," says Washington Bullets Coach Gene Shue, one of the last of the old-fashioned "pro" coaches, "and everyone would realize how great the pro game is. We have the best talent, the best rules and the best officials. All that cheering and spirit looks great on television, but there's too much foul shooting and holding the ball in college."

Many former college coaches now in the league once looked down on the NBA for most of the same reasons laymen do. Westhead coached at LaSalle College for nine years before becoming a Laker assistant in 1979, and when Jack McKinney suffered a serious head injury early that season, Westhead took charge of what turned out to be a world championship team. "While I was at LaSalle, I was like a lot of people," Westhead says. "I thought the pro game was all run and gun. That's a misconception. I think it's a mistake to assume that all the team players are at the local colleges and that all the selfish stars are in the NBA. For every Lloyd Free in the NBA, there are 200 in the college game doing exactly the same thing. But I don't know how to change that image."

One way to do it may be through a technique that the pros are starting to borrow from the college game, recruiting—though in its NBA form the process has none of the excesses that have scandalized the colleges. It's not uncommon for an NBA team to set up interviews with college players it's interested in drafting, to get a feel for the players' personalities and enthusiasm. Before the NBA draft in June, the Lakers invited six potential draft picks to L.A. to meet the coaches and owner Jerry Buss. Westhead saw to it that all the arrangements for the visiting players' flights and hotel rooms were taken care of—just as he had when he was at LaSalle—and he even picked restaurants that he hoped would leave the players with a favorable impression of the Lakers' organization. "It wasn't until after I had had dinner with a couple of them that I realized I was recruiting again," Westhead says. "Except this time there was one important difference. Four years ago I would have had to worry whether the kid would go home and say he didn't like the restaurant, didn't like the hotel we put him in or thought I was a jerk. I told one of our guys last spring, 'I'm not recruiting you—you're recruiting me.' If I draft a kid to play for the Los Angeles Lakers, I know he's going to come."

The league has taken another step toward rehabilitating its image by changing some of its more puzzling rules. This year, for instance, the NBA will no longer award a free-throw shooter three chances to make two, or two to make one. Fouling in the backcourt will now be treated as a common foul, which should encourage that old college stratagem, the full-court press. In the eyes of many fans, a team that presses frequently seems

continued



Brown, who quit UCLA because he wanted to "teach," does just that with the Nets.



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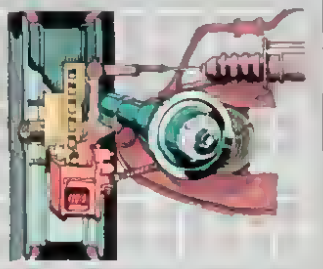
FORD MUSTANG

From Simmer to Sizzle.

Whether you choose the simmer of Mustang L or the sizzle of Mustang GT, you can be sure of one thing: excitement is not far behind.*

Engineered to hold tight to the turn.

Mustang, designed to move

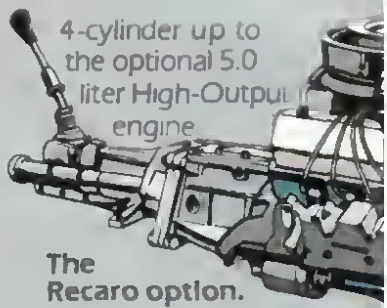


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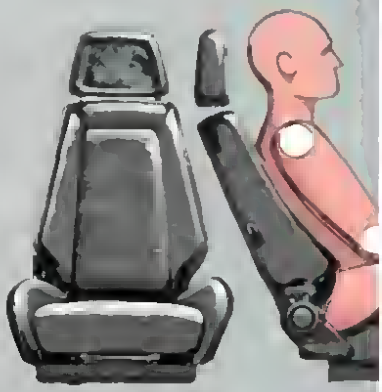


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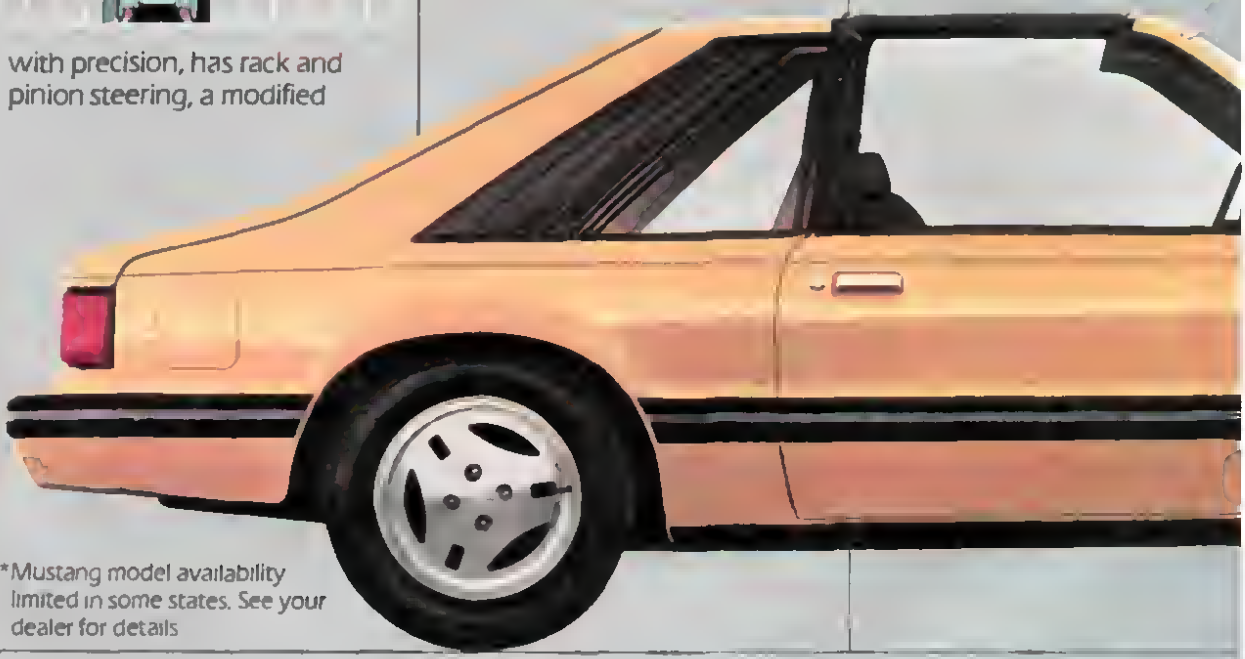


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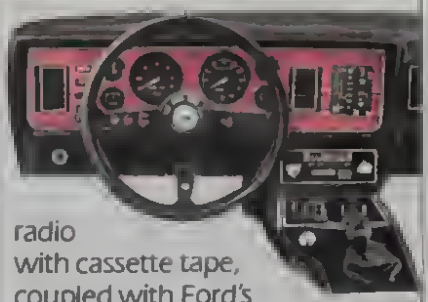
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Options. Whatever you choose, you're going to be right.

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And sometimes, we've even got you uncovered.



The optional T-Roof makes Mustang an excellent place to watch the world watch you back. Whether you buy or lease, see Mustang at your Ford Dealer now.



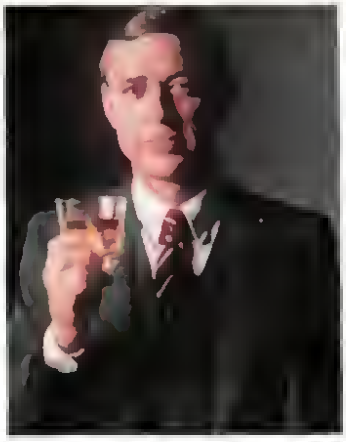
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more enthusiastic, more fun to watch.

And this is the season that the NBA will also find out how it truly feels about another college favorite, the zone defense. For the past two years the refs kept pretending they didn't know what a zone *was*, which got pretty embarrassing when, contrary to the rules, just about every NBA team played one. Now, in the manner of all great institutions, the NBA has simply removed the word "zone" from its vocabulary, as if it never existed. With a chance to create a distinctive term of its own for the zone—"Hold everything, lads, we've got a sticky wickedly wandering defense by the red team. Two shots!"—the NBA instead has given us the corporate-sounding "illegal defense." This rule will prevent defenses from zoning in the area of the free-throw lane—that will constitute the dreaded illegal defense, which can lead to even more dreaded technical foul shots—while allowing them to do it almost everywhere else. "A lot of what college fans are used to—that is, zones—are now legal in the NBA," says Referee Ed Rush. "We were becoming a jump-shot league, so we went to the coaches and said, 'You've screwed the game up with all your great defenses. Now fix it.' And they did. The new rule will open up the middle and give the great players room to move. People like Julius Erving and David Thompson, who used to beat their own defensive man and then still have to pull up for a jump shot because they were being double-teamed, should have an extra four or five feet to move around in. And that's all those guys need." No one knows if this will lead the league back to the old days when teams cleared one side of the floor and let their virtuosos work one-on-one, or created an open area in the middle to be used for snappy passing, pick and roll, give and go—all those things college coaches love.

The NBA is hoping for the latter, because the very concept of one-on-one has become anathema as the league tries to stress the team aspects of its game. "There are more people who are knowledgeable about the game now than ever before," Golden State's Newell says. "And as people learn more, they become interested in the subtleties of tactics and less interested in one-on-one." Newell is probably right, and yet, like it or not, the great freelance offensive artist will always be a part of pro basketball.

"People look on one-on-one as a derogatory term," says Warrior Coach Al Attles, who never coached in college. "But in football, if you have a great wide receiver like John Jefferson, you try to get him isolated in one-on-one coverage, and nobody seems to think *that*'s especially bad."

If there is one area of the pro game on which the college coaches have had little significant impact, it is tempo. The NBA has the heartbeat of a hummingbird, its pace dictated by the 24-second clock. "In the colleges, you've got the shuffle-cut continuity offenses in which you pass the ball around 17 times before you get the layup," says Westhead. "That's great if you've got the time. In the NBA, we haven't."

The 24-second clock doesn't eliminate the need for offensive patterns, as some of its critics insist; it merely makes the plays the pros run more complex to execute and more difficult to watch. "College teams create shots away from the ball with a lot of motion offenses," Newell says. "In the NBA you see much more screening on the ball."

Newell thinks the shot clock makes the zone defense an acceptable strategic part of the pro game. "The NBA outlawed the zone to eliminate slowdowns," he says. "But that was before the 24-second clock. I think in time we'll see the NBA play a full game of basketball, and that means zones should be allowed." Ramsay goes one step further and says that the colleges should adopt the shot clock: "The college game in the United States is the only high-level basketball played in the world without a time clock."

The NBA will no doubt keep its shot clock for the time being, and it should. But if the league is really interested in increasing the importance of passing, a 30-second clock might not be such a bad idea.

All of the ideas the pros have borrowed from the college game will be of little consequence, however, if the NBA doesn't really go collegiate and shorten its unduly long schedule. This year, because of the late start, the NBA season could conceivably run through all or part of autumn, winter and spring and up to within 11 days of summer. A growing number of league officials finally seem to be awakening to what everyone else has known for a long time. The long season—more than eight months, counting exhibition games and the playoffs—has created an emotional vacuum for both the players and the fans.



Kareem has a new way to score points.

"For it to get better," says L.A.'s Magic Johnson, an authority on enthusiasm, "they're going to have to shorten it to about 60 games. Make it so you can drive all the time. It's those 82 games that are the killer." Even Westhead, who is technically management, agrees that the bloated schedule has robbed the game of some of its potential for surprise and delight. "I think the long season wears the fan down before it wears the players down. A theatergoer sees *Evita* just so many times, and then even though it's a great production, he doesn't want to see it anymore." The league's owners will never permit the season to be shortened, of course, as long as it is profitable to do otherwise, and this year the Celtics expect to sell out the Boston Garden for all of their 41 home games. So much for giving it the old college try when dollars are involved.

Class dismissed, but that's better than having no class at all. If nothing else, the NBA learned that much in school. END



THE TWIN TOWERS

If guards can be 6′ 8″, and small forwards 6′ 9″, is it any wonder that the last two NBA champions—the Lakers and Celtics—often used two guys in tandem who were 7 feet or close to it? Or that three of last spring's final four did, too? Where do two 7-footers play, you ask? Anywhere they want to.





Kevin McHale (far left) and the skying Robert Parish are Boston's biggies, as are Los Angeles' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Mitch Kupchak.

Sixers Caldwell Jones and Darryl Dawkins have a big net effect (left); the Artis Gilmore and Dwight Jones combo made the Bulls winners; Moses Malone and Billy Paultz took the Rockets to the '81 NBA finals.



Since 7′ 2″ Wilt Chamberlain and 6′ 11″ Nate Thurmond teamed up in San Francisco in 1963-64, coaches have sought the perfect tall tandem, because, reasons the 76ers' Billy Cunningham, "It makes more sense to use two capable 7-footers than a capable 7-footer and a capable forward who is 6′ 6″."





CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS 1981-82

ATLANTIC division

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means, Time held me green and dying

Dylan Thomas obviously didn't have the Atlantic Division in mind, but green, as in the BOSTON CELTICS should again be terminal to its opponents. Before training camp, Coach Bill Fitch was asked what wisdom he would impart to his team, which is trying to become the first repeat champion since another Boston club turned the trick 13 years ago. Fitch said, "I'll probably tell them, 'No matter how badly you screw up, you're probably going to win it anyway because the law of averages is with us.' "

Boston has more going for it than probability. The Celtics are still the division's best team, and the race shouldn't come down to the last day of the season, as it did a year ago. Up front, Boston can put the hammer on opponents with a dizzying number of combinations. The shuttle corps is led by 6' 9" Larry Bird, 7-foot Robert Parish and championship series MVP, 6' 8" Cedric Maxwell. From the bench come ruffians Kevin McHale (6' 10") and Rick Robey (6' 11"). In the backcourt, Nate Archibald and Chris Ford may be about ready to hang it up, but they should make it through this season before leaving for the old folks' home. Should they falter at all, there's Swingman M.L. Carr, who began the season on injured reserve (hairline right-leg fracture), but is eager to make up for the 41 games he missed a year ago because of a broken left foot. Also, rookies Charles Bradley, Tracy Jackson and maybe, just maybe, Danny Ainge are waiting in the wings.

Time definitely hasn't been an ally of the PHILADELPHIA 76ERS. Although they have had the best record in the league over the last five years, all the Sixers have to show for those victories are two defeats in the championship finals, a pair in the conference finals, and a big pile of We Owe You Ones.

Certainly the 6,704 fans who attended the seventh game of last season's semifinal against Milwaukee have kept the faith, even if no one else has; and it's to them that new owner Harold Katz will be making *his* promises. Apart from second-year Guard Andrew Toney and newcomer Franklin Edwards, the returning cast consists of the same old heartbreakers from years past. And, just as in the past, there isn't the outside shooter Philly needed so desperately in the seventh game of the Eastern Conference finals against Boston. Is General Manager Pat Williams realistic about motivation? "I don't think there'll be a hangover from the Boston series," he says. "We have the whole month of October to get ready." If the team's first two victories were any indication, league MVP Julius Erving appears ready to go, but Darryl Dawkins, who's in the final season of his seven-year contract, may not be. Coach Billy Cunningham started Bobby Jones instead of Caldwell Jones last weekend, but may decide to bench Dawkins, who has shown that he can slam-dunk and eat Wheaties with the best of 'em. His rebounding in big games has been another matter.

The NEW YORK KNICKS would just like to get into a big game. Erratic wild men two seasons ago, the Knicks were only occasionally out of control last year and won 50 games, before losing their playoff mini-series with Chicago in two straight. Still, as Coach Red Holzman says, "We must be doing something right to win 50 games." What's right is the raw material on hand. What's wrong is a dearth of fundamentals. Without improvement in that department, 7' 1" Bill Cartwright, who missed the entire preseason with strained right knee ligaments, Campy Russell, Mi-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD ANDERSON



Bobby Jones plays defense by the book, and that has made him a Sixers starter.

chael Ray Richardson, *et al*, will again be no more than an exciting team that falls out of the playoffs early. On the positive side, the acquisition of Maurice Lucas gives the Knicks its best power forward since Dave DeBusschere retired in 1974. And 7′ 1″ team captain Marvin Webster, who will play center at least until Cartwright recuperates, had an excellent training camp, during which he actually looked for his shot. Newly acquired guards Mike Newlin and Randy Smith may provide stability as well as jump shots.

The NEW JERSEY NETS will be playing in a new arena—named for New Jersey's outgoing governor—and for a new, outgoing coach. They've also assembled quite a collection of kids for Larry Brown, the new schoolmarm-mentor who left UCLA in search of an opportunity to teach, which he will find plenty of here. With rookies Albert King, Buck Williams and Ray Tolbert, as well as second-year man Darwin Cook and the three Mikes—Woodson, Gminski and O'Koren—on hand, there are enough students to fill two classrooms. The 6′ 8″ Williams moved bodies around during the preseason, and he should take some pressure off Gminski, who is recovering from a lower-back staph infection. Guard Ray Williams, formerly the wildest of the Knicks' wild bunch, reported late and overweight. He might do with some intensive instruction, too, on how to keep a cool head and a hot hand. Of course, when newcomer Otis Birdsong recovers from his sore right knee, the Nets will have the most talented starting backcourt in the league.

Last year the WASHINGTON BULLETS were old and ugly. This year ugly will suffice. Of the 11 Bullets who performed in the 1978-79 playoff finals against Seattle, only two, Forward Greg Ballard and Guard Kevin Grevey, remain. The most recent departures were Wes Unseld, who retired to the front office after 13 years as a player; Elvin Hayes, who was traded to Houston; Mitch Kupchak, who was shipped to Los Angeles; and Bobby Dandridge, who wasn't offered a contract. Jim Chones and Brad Holland, who were obtained in the Kupchak deal, could help, and so might Spencer Haywood, another former Laker who played last season in Italy. But even if all of them exceed expectations, they won't save the Bullets from a dismal season. Neither will Guard Frank Johnson, Washington's first-round draft pick. But Guard John Lucas, acquired from Golden State after Kevin Porter tore his left Achilles tendon during training camp, putting him out for the season, should draw some fans who remember his play at Maryland. Coach Gene Shue also played for the Terps, and indeed the Bullets' quality of play may more resemble that of Maryland than that of the rest of the NBA.

—ANTHONY COTTON

CENTRAL division

There are a lot of questions in the Central Division: Are three trees better than one in Chicago? Will Tree or any of the twigs be healthy in Atlanta? Can money buy love in Cleveland? Will a child lead them in Detroit?

But the biggest questions in the division and perhaps in the league are: How long will Marques Johnson hold out and where will the MILWAUKEE BUCKS be if he never comes back? Marques was the cornerstone of a pressing defense and fast-breaking offense that made the Bucks a top-shelf team; they had the third-best record in the league last season, behind the Celtics and 76ers, and lost the seventh game of the conference semifinals to Philadelphia by one point.

"This year we'll just have to outhustle and outrebound Boston and Philly," Coach Don Nelson says. But that will be well nigh impossible without the 6′ 7″ Johnson, who may be the most underpaid superstar in sports. Entering his fifth season, he wants to renegotiate his six-year contract, and the Bucks are adamantly opposed to doing so, just as they were when he tried the same thing two years ago. Without Marques, Mickey Johnson and Sidney Moncrief or Pat Cummings should start at forward, with jelly-kneed Bob Lanier back at center and Quinn Buckner, fresh from the best shooting year of his career, and either Moncrief or Brian Winters at guard.

If Marques returns, Nelson's only tough decision will be choosing between the super-quick Moncrief and the dead-eye Winters. Moncrief replaced the injured Winters last season and sparked the Bucks down the stretch. He gives them speed on offense and defense and flexibility—he can play guard or forward. If the Bullets don't match the Bucks' offer sheet to Bob Dandridge, the 12-year veteran will become a Buck once again. Nelson was heartened by the Bucks' 119–103 victory over the Celtics last weekend. Moncrief had 29, Winters 26 and Buckner 22. Take that, Marques Johnson!

The CHICAGO BULLS also have more than a few horses. Seven-two Center Artis Gilmore, who led the league in field-goal percentage (.670) in 1980-81, will be joined up front by 6′ 10″ David Greenwood, who's quietly becoming an outstanding forward, and 6′ 10″ Dwight Jones, who replaced the disgruntled Larry Kenon in the starting lineup late last season. Kenon, whose freelance game clashed with Coach Jerry Sloan's patterned play, wants to be traded and probably will be.

The key to Chicago's hopes of moving into the top rank of NBA teams this season (the Bulls won 45 games last season) lies with second-year man Ronnie Lester, the playmaking guard who missed 74 games last year with a sore right knee. In a limited appearance against Boston in the conference semifinals, Lester ran the show for Chi and more than held his own. His quickness and savvy would be a plus in a backcourt that already includes jazzy 6′ 7″ Reggie Theus and Ricky Sobers, who began last season as a free agent and found happiness as a sixth man, winning eight games with last-second shots. Lester's knee held up well in preseason and in last weekend's opening losses to Indiana and Detroit.

Last season the INDIANA PACERS made the playoffs for the first time since their glory days in the ABA and were summarily dismissed by Philly in the mini-series. Coach of the Year Jack McKinney

continued



A mighty Greenwood tree is quietly growing in Chicago.

has made a few changes in hopes of hanging around the playoffs a little longer. The best move was acquiring Center Tom Owens from Portland to replace departed free agent James Edwards. Owens uses smarts to make up for what he lacks in speed. Rookie Herb Williams was impressive at times in the preseason, which wasn't the case when he played the pivot at Ohio State. "It was hard to do anything when you only get the ball 10 times a game," says the 6' 11", 240-pound Williams. Things may not change much now that Williams is with the Pacers: he figures to play as a backup to forwards Mike Bantom and Louis Orr. Riding the bench with Williams—and competing with him for playing time—will be the onetime toast of Naptown, George McGinnis, whom the Pacers reportedly "asked" to retire just before the season. No way, said Big George, who makes about $750,000 per season. At guard, Don Buse ably takes care of the point, leaving most of the shooting in the equally able hands of 6' 6" Billy Knight. At times in exhibition games McKinney used Orr, a 6' 9" stringbean, as a sub for Knight, an experiment that should end now that Butch Carter, a mere 6' 5", has been picked up from Los Angeles.

Buse started in both of the Pacers' opening victories over the Bulls and Knicks, getting 16 points, seven rebounds and seven assists in New York. "Making Buse a starter and using Johnny Davis off the bench has a great deal to do with our good start," McKinney says. "I decided to give Buse a start in an exhibition at Evansville [his alma mater]. I wanted to push him up and not use him constantly as a sub."

A year ago the ATLANTA HAWKS were trying to improve on their 50–32 finish of the previous season, but, in ending up 31–51, broke more bones than records. The biggest casualty was Center Wayne (Tree) Rollins, who missed 42 games because of bad knees.

Now Tree is healthy, but just about everyone else, except solid Forward Dan Roundfield, is hurt. That's going to make things tough for new Coach Kevin Loughery, who has given up the broadcasting booth to replace the demonstrative Hubie Brown. Brown, naturally, has become an announcer. Loughery can be even more outrageous than his predecessor during games, but at least the Hawks' practices should be quieter—if, in fact, anyone is well enough to show up.

First-round pick Al Wood (chronic left shoulder) will shuttle between guard and forward. John Drew (stress-fractured left foot) and Roundfield are set at forward, Rollins at center and the diminutive Eddie Johnson (suspended list) and Wes Matthews (broken left foot) at guard. James McElroy and 5' 8" Charlie Criss opened the season at guard. Rookie Rudy Macklin from LSU filled in opposite Roundfield. And rookie Clyde Bradshaw shored up the backline.

Speaking of his team's training camp, CLEVELAND CAVALIERS Coach Don Delaney said, "This isn't to get the players in shape. We expect them to be in shape. They are here to learn Cavaliers basketball." But first they must learn each other's names. Joining the team are three free agents: Forward Scott Wedman from Kansas City, Guard Bobby Wilkerson from Chicago and Edwards from Indiana. Another new face is playmaker James Silas, acquired from San Antonio. They will join holdovers Bill Laimbeer, a center, and forwards Kenny Carr and Mike Mitchell. Mitchell scored 24.5 points per game last season, eighth-best in the league, and set club records for minutes played, field goals and points. The backcourt also has depth in the person of Roger Phegley (14.4 ppg last season). Besides finding playing time for all those guys, the problem might be paying them. Last year the Cavs lost at least $4 million—and then they hit the free-agent market. Cutting the roster won't help either. 12 of the players in camp had guaranteed contracts.

No less a source than Magic Johnson says rookie Isiah Thomas from Indiana University will turn things around for the DETROIT PISTONS. The last time a sophomore who led his team to the NCAA championship turned pro, he immediately led his new club to the NBA title. That man was, of course, Johnson. Thomas has little chance of pulling off a similar feat, although his 31 and 28 points helped beat the Bucks and Bulls, respectively, to get the Pistons out of the gate quickly last weekend. Sure, Detroit will be improved—but not much. During the preseason Thomas was throwing passes and expecting to see Ray Tolbert and Randy Wittman on the receiving end; what he was getting was Paul Mokeski and Kent Benson. A surprise starter with Phil Hubbard at forward was rookie Kelly Tripucka from Notre Dame. He had 15 and 19 last weekend. Thomas's teammates will get used to him and vice versa, but Coach Scotty Robertson isn't expecting that to happen overnight. "Last year my goal was to be competitive every night. This year I want a team that's knocking on the door of a break-even season. I know people are going to say, 'Gee, he isn't even talking about the playoffs,' but I'm a realist."

—ANTHONY COTTON

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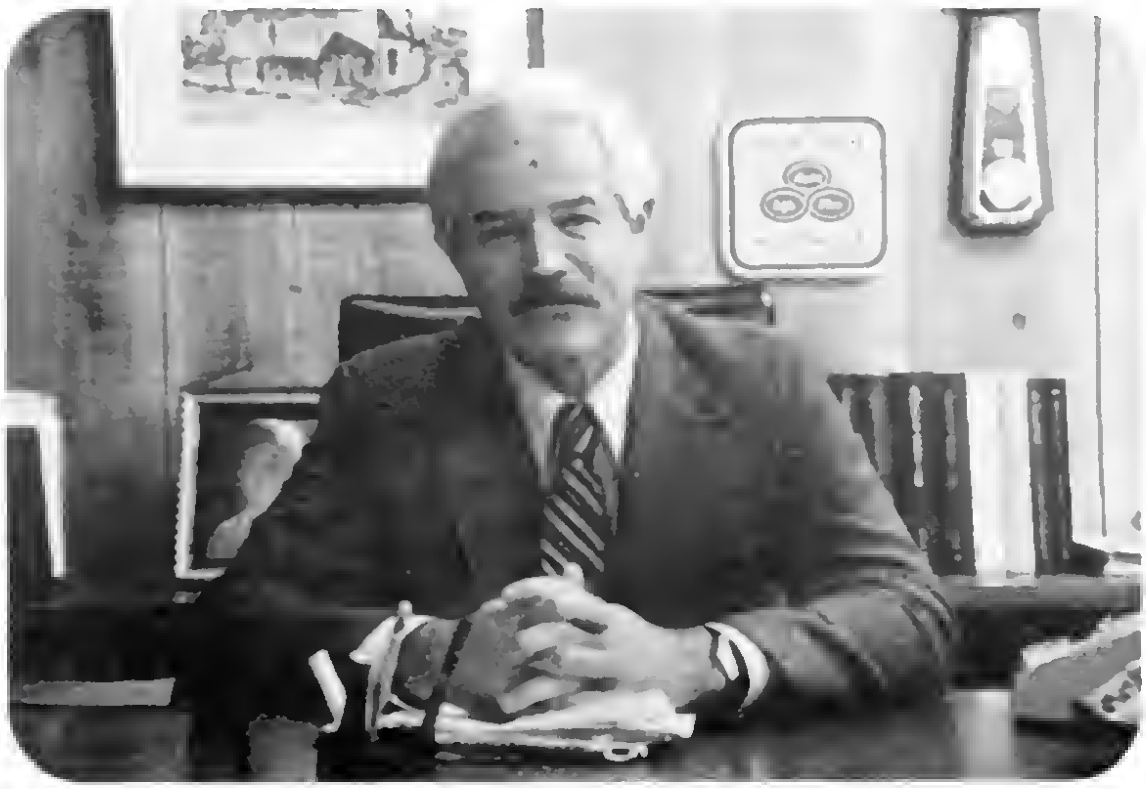
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MIDWEST division

Flipping the dial for some late-night TV last May, you may have caught the HOUSTON ROCKETS. Featuring a few Irish surnames—Malone, Murphy, Dunleavy and Willoughby—and under the direction of a dead ringer for the Man from Glad, the Rockets went all the way to the NBA finals before losing in six games to Boston. They're all back, and bolstered by the—not-ready-for?—prime-time body of Elvin Hayes.

Coach Del Harris, the NBA's answer to George Allen, adopted a "future is now" policy about 50 games into last season: "We weren't winning enough with the younger players. So we went back to the Whopper [Billy Paultz, a 33-year-old center-forward] and Tom Henderson [a 29-year-old guard] and played one season at a time. That's why we got Elvin."

Hayes, snapped up from W ington during the off-season for a couple of draft picks, will help Houston's inside defense with his shot-blocking. But at least one NBA coach sees pitfalls in using Center Moses Malone and the Big E together: "They're probably the two worst passers in the league. How can you run any plays with the in there together?" Robert Reid, who is 6′ 8″, will be spelled at small forward by Bill Willoughby, also 6′ 8″. Small forwards, right?

Guards Henderson, Allen Leavell and Mike Dunleavy flirt with the 24-second clock on each possession and mug opposing guards on defense. While Paultz will lend a hand to the inside power game, sixth man Calvin Murphy, who comes off his most explosive season (.63 points per minute) since 1977-78, joins Dunleavy as an outside threat. Murphy signed a three-year contract on the eve of training camp, after making it known that he wants to start.

"Hey, everyone knows Murph wants to start," says Reid, who starts. "But that will make us more competitive." Enough, at least, to win the division.

The SAN ANTONIO SPURS used to be thought of as high-scoring pussycats. So last season they dubbed their front line The Bruise Brothers and won 52 games. "The name got us a little notoriety," admits Bruise Brother *extraordinaire* Mark Olberding, who goes 6′ 8″, 230 pounds. But the Spurs choked on their thin ties in the playoffs, where defense matters most, and in the great tradition of fingering and trading a playoff scapegoat, sent Guard James (Captain Late) Silas and his 17.7 points per game to Cleveland in exchange for, essentially, nothing.

That still leaves the backcourt with George (Iceman) Gervin at shooting guard. "Ice just sits out there and draws interest on 27 or 30 points a game," Coach Stan Albeck says. Johnny (Junior) Moore, who will run the club, can be erratic, but did pace San Antonio in steals and assists coming off the bench as a rookie last season.

Center George Johnson also made good use of his time last season, leading the league in blocked shots in just 24 minutes a game. Olberding, who had his best season last year, will have to score more than 12.3 points a game to offset Silas' loss. He'll start opposite Reggie Johnson. Kevin Restani, Dave Corzine and Paul Griffin round out one of the NBA's deepest frontcourts and the Brothers will welcome rookie Gene (Tinkerbell) Banks. "I like the physical game," he says. Get a new nickname, Tinkerbell.

In an eight-hour period in June, the KANSAS CITY KINGS lost their heart (outside shooter and defensive ace Scott Wedman) and soul (score-at-will Guard Otis Birdsong), free agents who fled to Cleveland and New Jersey, respectively. "I've got a lot of robins in the nest and I've got to get them some food," Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons said as training camp opened. The Kings were 17–24 at the end of last December and then lost Birdsong and his running mate, Phil Ford, to injuries; only the Warriors' el foldo (they lost five of their last six games) got K.C. into the playoffs. Once the Kings got there, they upset Portland and Phoenix and lost the conference finals to Houston.

Though their heart and soul may be gone, the Kings have kept their head. Fitzsimmons thanks God for small favors: "The day Phil Ford came and played for me it made me a better coach." Hawkeye Whitney will make a run at Birdsong's slot if his right knee responds to a summer's rehabilitation program. Other candidates for the same spot: Larry Drew, acquired from Detroit for two future draft picks; Kevin Loder, a 6′ 6″ leaper and first-round sleeper from Alabama State; and, most likely, Ernie Grunfeld, who filled in magnificently in the playoffs. Satchel Sam Lacey is Methuselah in the middle and 6′ 6″ Reggie King, a scaled-down Truck Robinson, is solid at one forward. Cliff Robinson, Joe C. Meriweather, John Lambert or one of two rookies, Steve and Eddie Johnson—will start at the other forward.

The DENVER NUGGETS had an offense as reckless (121.8 points per game, nine more than any other team) as their defense was feckless (122.3 allowed, nine more than anyone else), but that doesn't bother Coach Doug Moe: "Bad defensive play will help our offense." "We cut a lot, so many teams zoned and sagged on us last year," says David Thompson (25.5 points a game in 1980-81), who with Forward Alex English (23.8) and Center Dan Issel (21.9) constituted the NBA's high-

continued



LaGarde's play at LaForward is one of Dallas' few bright spots.

est-scoring threesome since Wilt Chamberlain, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor 12 years ago. "The new anti-zone rules will allow us to isolate guys easier."

T.R. Dunn and Billy McKinney are able backcourt backups to Thompson and lead Guard Kenny Higgs, and forward will be well stocked, especially if James Ray's left knee comes around. He'll alternate with Cedrick Hordges, Glen Gondrezick and Kiki Vandeweghe opposite English.

Tom Nissalke has different problems. "We've been changing our players like Grand Central Station the past few years," the UTAH JAZZ coach says. Rookie of the Year Darrell Griffith (20.6 ppg) was the seven-year-old franchise's first No. 1 pick ever. Their most recent No. 1 is 6′ 11″ Center Dan Schayes, no bruiser but a good shooter and passer and, the Jazz hopes, a late bloomer.

The Jazz needs another guard to handle the ball and to get it to league-scoring-champ Adrian Dantley (30.7 ppg). Rickey Green, a gypsy from the Continental Basketball Association, might have to do. Erstwhile Center Ben Poquette will play forward opposite Dantley once Schayes is ready to go full time, and burly Bill Robinzine (acquired from Dallas) and rookie Howard Wood (a second-round pick from Tennessee) will also help in the forecourt.

General Manager Norm Sonju gushed last season that the DALLAS MAVERICKS would embody "wholesomeness and goodness and respect for God and country." But in their first season, the Mavericks had fewer wins (15) than players who suited up at one time or another (21). Now Coach Dick Motta has weeded out the "head cases" and bad citizens, and he feels the wins will follow.

Unlike the Jazz, the Mavs have nine first-round picks to exercise through 1986. "I think about the draft picks a lot," Motta said last season. "Sometimes it's all I have to think about."

This season he might find it worthwhile to exert some of that brainpower on coaching four excellent rookies: Swingman Elston Turner, Center Jay Vincent, Guard Rolando Blackman and Forward Mark Aguirre, who says, "Dallas is a lot slower than Chicago. It gives you a chance to concentrate on the things you want to concentrate on—like basketball." So far, Aguirre's carefree ways haven't clashed with Motta's disciplined offense and businesslike workouts.

Survivors from last season who figure in this year's plans include leading scorer Jim Spanarkel, Forward Tom LaGarde, Center Scott Lloyd and Point Guard Brad Davis, who blossomed into a 56 percent shooter, while averaging seven assists. Davis was so impressive that the Mavericks, who had the No. 1 pick in the draft, passed on Isiah Thomas and went for Aguirre, who should start eventually with Blackman. Dallas' biggest concern should no longer be encroaching secular humanism but finding a dominating center.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

PACIFIC division

Seismologists say that this could be the year of the big quake in Southern California, but if the LOS ANGELES LAKERS don't rumble in 1982, the fault will lie not in the ground but in their stars. The newest Laker star is supposed to be 6′ 10″ Mitch Kupchak, whom Coach Paul Westhead calls "the perfect power forward for this team." Kupchak came to Los Angeles in a trade with Washington (after he had become a free agent), where he seldom started and in five seasons never averaged more than 27 minutes of playing time a game. He had back surgery in 1979, and it's questionable if he'll be able to shoulder the weighty rebounding load the Lakers have handed him. "I consider myself an experiment," Kupchak says. "I'm as anxious as anyone to find out how I'll do playing more minutes." He found out in a preseason 156–150 victory over Denver: 32 minutes, 11 for 16 from the field, 6 of 7 from the line, eight rebounds and 28 points. As skilled as Kupchak is, his most notable attribute may be his college-boy enthusiasm. He bloodied his lip diving for a loose ball on the second day of practice and, in a huddle shortly thereafter, he screamed, "Let's go Lakers!"

Loose balls were the least of Los Angeles' problems last season. Guards Norm Nixon and Magic Johnson bickered publicly over their roles, the Lakers lost their first-round playoff series to Houston, and teammates seemed to resent the 25-year, $25 million contract Magic signed last June. Supersmooth Forward Jamaal Wilkes says, "We're a lot more humble this year."

And maybe better, seeing as 34-year-old Kareem Abdul-Jabbar reported to camp in the best shape of his career. Abdul-Jabbar began working out on Nautilus equipment three days after the Lakers' playoff elimination and spent a lot of the summer riding his bicycle and swimming. He showed off his new muscle in a preseason game against the Celtics, scoring 42 points and grabbing 17 rebounds, and poured in 33 points against Houston in a season-opening double overtime loss.

Also returning are Swingman Michael Cooper, who would start on most other NBA teams, and bruising rebounder Mark Landsberger.

The PHOENIX SUNS play nowhere near a fault line, but if they don't win the NBA title this year, they may be shaken up anyway. Their almost perennial failure in the postseason—they won 57 games last season but lost in their first playoff round to Kansas City—has left painful scars. The Suns have the division's best record over the past four years, but haven't even made it past the conference finals in any of them. "We're very frustrated and we're coming into this season with a chip on our shoulders—players, coaches, management, everybody," says General Manager Jerry Colangelo. Backup Center Rich Kelley agrees: "We have to prove that we're not chokes, that we're one of the top three teams in the NBA."

Several starters were disenchanted with Coach John MacLeod's system of free substitution last year. "You can't play 12 guys 25 minutes each and expect to win in this league," said one of them, showing a greater talent for griping than for math. MacLeod decided over the summer that he had to change: "I've always believed in building my bench by playing a lot of people, but I'm not going to do it anymore if it's detrimental." The

continued

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30 **21** EST hwy mpg EST mpg

In August 1981, *Road & Track* magazine selected the RX-7 as one of the 10 Best Cars For the Eighties. Here's what they said:

"In the class for Closed Sports Car, the Mazda RX-7 won on a unanimous vote . . . It's a car that has not only lived up to very high expectations, but gone considerably beyond them . .

"Its performance is excellent with smooth acceleration from the rotary engine, its handling and braking are hard to fault, it's comfortable on long trips with plenty of luggage room for two people and the price is surprisingly low."

A SLIPPERY SHAPE CONTRIBUTES TO GREAT PERFORMANCE.

The RX-7's clean lines were not created for aesthetic reasons alone.

Its sleek exterior was also designed for aerodynamic efficiency, which contributes directly to its outstanding performance. Months of racing and wind-tunnel testing went into refining the RX-7's slippery silhouette in order to reduce air turbulence.



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Use this chart to compare the RX-7 with the rest of the world's finest sports cars.

Mazda RX-7 Acceleration Chart	
0-30	2.6 sec.
0-40	4.3 sec.
0-50	6.2 sec.
0-60	8.6 sec.

Performance data obtained from Car and Driver evaluation tests.

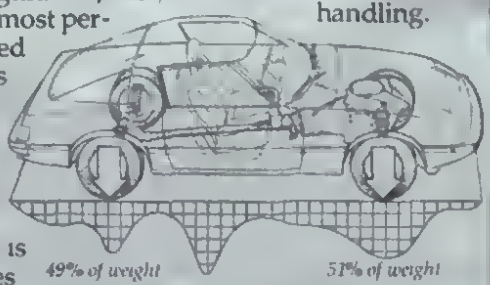
The RX-7's superior aerodynamics, together



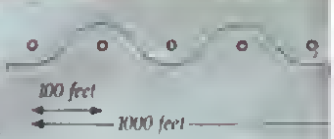
GREAT BALANCE, GREAT HANDLING.

With its front mid-engine configuration, the RX-7 is an almost perfectly balanced car. 51% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And its center of gravity is only 18 inches off the ground.

Put this nearly ideal weight distribution together with a finely-tuned suspension system, and you have exceptional handling.



Car and Driver magazine drove the RX-7

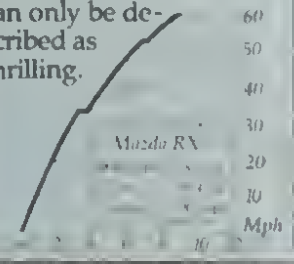


through a demanding 1000-foot slalom course, with pylons placed 100 feet apart. During this test, the car attained a speed of 55.3 mph. Proof, indeed, that the RX-7 delivers true sports car handling.

More evidence of the Mazda RX-7's

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Since its introduction, the RX-7 has benefited from a number of large and small refinements. Typical of these is an alteration in the design of the spark plug. (See illustration.) The three-electrode plug was replaced by one with four electrodes, and the tips were positioned closer to the combustion chamber to help maintain smooth, stable ignition.



Another example of continual refinement can be seen in the gear-shift lever. It has been shortened by over an inch and moved four inches closer to the driver's hand. This change provides a more direct, short-throw feel as you run through the RX-7's strong 5-speed gearbox.

THE RX-7 COMES WITH ALL THESE STANDARD FEATURES.

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The popularity of the RX-7 is demonstrated by the fact that many models are worth more today than when they were new.

For example, the 1979 Mazda RX-7 S has

1979 MODEL	*RETAINED VALUE* 80% 90% 100%	
Mazda RX-7 S		109 6%
Datsun 280ZX		86 7%
Porsche 924		81 8%

retained 109 6% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, July-August 1981

1982 Mazda RX-7 S **$9695****

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*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for RX-7 S The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less Calif 30 Est hwy mpg, 20 Est mpg

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for RX-7 S Actual prices set by dealers Taxes license, freight options (wide tires/al wheels $350-$400) and other dealer charges extra Prices may change without notice

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features

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change will be most noticeable in the backcourt, where MacLeod, who used to deploy four and even five guards a game, had planned to go primarily with Dennis Johnson, Kyle Macy and Swingman Walter Davis. But Davis fractured his elbow in the preseason and will be out six weeks. Defensive ace Dudley Bradley will take his numerical place. But Macy (51% from the field) and Johnson (43%) will bear the scoring burden.

In the frontcourt, Truck Robinson and Jeff Cook are back at forward, with Alvan Adams in the pivot. Phoenix will go inside more, using its high-post offense to take advantage of the new, stricter zone-defense rules and Adams' deft passing. The Suns will run at every opportunity, which should help Davis when he returns. Rookie Larry Nance, a 6′ 10″ *small* forward, was sensational in training camp before having eight teeth pulled: even without a full complement of choppers, he will give the Suns' running game extra bite coming off the bench. There was more bark than bite in the Suns' first weekend of the season, as they lost to Portland and Seattle. Hurry back, Walter Davis.

The SEATTLE SUPER SONICS should be superb again after a horrendous last-place performance in 1980-81. They went the whole season without Guard Gus Williams, who held out for more money, and all but 14 games without Forward Lonnie Shelton, who underwent wrist surgery. "Last year, teams didn't have to respect us," says Fred Brown, the Sonics' 33-year-old backcourt pistolero. "With Gus and Lonnie back we can't help but be good." Indeed. Shelton had 20 and Williams 28 in the victory over Phoenix.

Seattle will start either 6′ 7″ Wally Walker or 6′ 9″ James Bailey alongside Shelton and Center Jack Sikma on the front line, and bring rookie Danny Vranes and 7′ 2″, 270-pound James Donaldson off the bench. Shelton has worked off some of the 285 pounds he brought to the L.A. summer league, and when he returns to his normal 245, the Sonics will resume the running game that won them a league championship in 1979. Bill Hanzlik started the season opposite Williams at guard. If Paul Westphal can come back from a series of debilitating foot injuries and if John Johnson's left Achilles tendon heals quickly, Seattle could stay with L.A. and Phoenix.

The GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS just missed the playoffs last season, even though they had eight new players, not to mention a new Lloyd Free. Free worked hard to shed his free-lance image and, although he still finished ninth in the league in scoring (24.1), he became an adroit passer and played adequate defense. Center Joe Barry Carroll, a rookie, excelled in every area but rebounding. That shortcoming was offset by Larry Smith, who became the first rookie in 11 seasons to crack the league's top three in rebounding, with 12.1 a game. Forward Bernard King, who was recovering from alcoholism, still averaged 21.9 points a game. All of them should be better this season (if Smith returns from his preseason holdout and suspension), and with a bench that includes Purvis Short, impressive rookie Lewis Lloyd, 6′ 10″ Rickey Brown and veteran Sonny Parker, the Warriors could be formidable—if they learn to guard anybody.

The PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS are something of an enigma, having improved at guard, where they were already strong, but not in the frontcourt, where they badly needed help. The Blazers were 38–18 over the final four months of the season after installing Mychal Thompson at center and turning their running game over to rookie Guard Kelvin Ransey. Thompson's performance in the playoffs was typical of his work all season: a 40-point, 11-rebound effort in the second game of the mini-series with Kansas City and then a 17-point four-rebound performance in the decisive third game. Kermit Washington, one of the league's best rebounding forwards, is the only other notable up front. The acquisition of Darnell Valentine in the draft will allow Portland Coach Jack Ramsay to start Ransey and Jim Paxson at guard and then, in relief, bring on his backcourt of Valentine, a defensive buzz saw, and Billy Ray Bates, an offensive weapon. "Last year I made Billy Ray a superstar on offense," Ramsay quipped. "This year it's defense."

The SAN DIEGO CLIPPERS went through most of the preseason without two players whose talents they will count upon heavily this season. Guard Phil Smith, the Clippers' best player at their strongest position, hadn't signed a contract as the season opened (though he played in the Clippers' initial victory over Houston) and rookie Tom Chambers, a 6′ 11″ center forward who was supposed to back up Swen Nater, sat out until two weeks into the preseason. Nater was the second-leading rebounder in the league last year, but he is 31 and coming off knee surgery. Moses Malone burned him for 42 points in that San Diego victory. If anything happens to Nater and Chambers doesn't pan out, San Diego will be left with either 6′ 10″ Jerome Whitehead, or Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant, a 6′ 9″ sometime forward, sometime guard, to play the middle. Bryant says he doesn't even eat jelly beans anymore; he now prefers foods that are made with whole wheat flour and are high in fiber content. Joe (Bran Muffin) Bryant? That nickname is almost as far out as San Diego is going to finish in the Pacific.

—BRUCE NEWMAN



Davis' bad break will give the Suns' Johnson much more time to shine.

All set to work for Erk

Erk Russell, creator of Georgia's Junkyard Dogs, is building a whole new team

by N. Brooks Clark

There's just no question that Erskine Russell—"Erk" to his public—has been the biggest thing to happen to Statesboro, Ga. since Sherman burned the courthouse. Until last spring, Russell was Vince Dooley's right-hand man at Georgia, coaching the national champion Bulldogs' defense; now he's playing midwife to the football team-to-be at Georgia Southern College in Statesboro.

At the moment the Eagles are only a group of freshman walk-ons, and they won't play their first game until Sept. 11, 1982, but the town's agog anyway. Says Jimmy Hines, who, with his father, Jake (a star halfback for GSC's predecessor, Georgia Teachers College, from 1932 to '36), runs the Spee Dee Dry Cleaners across the street from the practice fields, "I wake up in the morning, and I still cannot *believe* that Erk Russell is coaching football in this town."

In his 17 years as defensive coordinator for the Bulldogs, Russell became known as the heart and soul of the program; certainly he was one of the most visible, and idolized, men in the state. He can't help but be visible. As bald as Mr. Clean, he patrolled the Georgia sideline in black pants and a lucky black windbreaker with cut-off sleeves. He used to get his defensive unit in the right mood during pregame warmups by butting heads with them. They wore helmets and he didn't, which meant that Erk often had rivulets of blood trickling down his shiny pate.

Variously known as the Underdogs, the Wonderdogs and the Junkyard Dogs—all Russell-supplied monikers—they toughed out four shutouts in 1971 and '76 and three in 1967, '69 and last season, when they also shut down Notre Dame 17–10 in the Sugar Bowl to clinch the national title.

Russell may have looked ferocious, but, says a secretary in the Georgia athletic department, "Erk is just as sweet as a pot of honey. I told him I'd just shoot myself if he left." Asked about his days as an offensive guard under Russell (1966-68), Bruce Yawn, a co-owner of Snooky's Restaurant, just across the parking lot from the Spee Dee Dry Cleaners, says, "He ran my butt off day after day, but I was never mad at him. All I could think about was how much I'd like to rub his old bald head."

And it seems everybody in the state feels the same way. As Jimmy DeLoach, an Eagles follower, put it while watching the fledgling Eagles practice the other day, "There was always Dooley on the sidelines with his tie and all, but to most everybody Erk was what Georgia football was all about—getting down in the trenches and buttin' heads."

A year ago it looked as if Russell would become head coach in Athens. Auburn had offered Dooley a reported five-year, $1 million contract to return to his alma mater. "It was pretty cut and dried that I'd have the head coaching job at Georgia," says Russell. "I never really thought the guy would take the Auburn job, but as time wore on and things built up, I could visualize myself as head coach because I *had* to. I wasn't surprised or disappointed when Dooley chose to stay at Georgia."

Down in the southern half of the state, GSC was preparing to join its neighbors, West Georgia and Valdosta State, in bringing collegiate football back to the area. Since taking over as president of 6,800-student Georgia Southern in 1978, Dr. Dale Lick had heard two questions at every fish fry from Brunswick to Hinesville. One concerned a rural nursing program—the area has a shortage—so Lick saw to it that GSC instituted a program to train nurses. The other question was, "What about football?" Lick (Michigan State '58) had to ask himself the same question. In a region that had produced Herschel Walker, it seemed odd that folks had to drive four hours to see a college football game.

David (Bucky) Wagner became the Eagles' athletic director last Jan. 1. Ten days later the GSC advisory committee voted to approve efforts to raise $250,000 to field a Division II team, the school's first football team since the 1941 season. "All of a sudden," says Wagner, "here I am without a program, without a stadium, without any scholarships, staff or equipment trying to please a townful of fans who want to beat the 'Dawgs in '83. Now how am I going to get a coach?"

Russell heard about Southern's plans and expressed an interest in the job. Once Lick was convinced that Russell was serious, he asked him straight out, "How can you leave Georgia?" Says Erk, "The challenge of starting from scratch



Russell is busy instilling the proper spirit in his all walk-on squad at Georgia Southern.

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"On the last night that I went searching with Fortenherry, we set up about dusk on the property of an obliging rancher. The prairie-dog town we were watching covered about 75 acres, extending from a gulch toward a solitary butte under which we parked. It was a dark overcast November night, without moon or stars. A sharp wind out of the northwest rattled the dry prairie weeds and drove before it a lot of gritty dust and a few grains of snow almost as abrasive. Huddled in the cab of the truck, bundled in goose-hunting clothes, we drank coffee and talked about ferrets, politics and other things two men might be expected to discuss when they have to sit up all night. Every five minutes or so Fortenberry would play the spotlight across the dog town. Quite often it caught something. Jackrabbits, because of distortion caused by the light and distance, looked pale and as big as cocker spaniels. Two coyotes, a raccoon and a yellow plains porcupine of vaguely prehistoric appearance stood at different times transfixed by the beam."

Where did this appear? Outdoor Life? Hunting Magazine? Or is it an excerpt from On the Road? None of the above! It's from Bil Gilbert's *Missing and Presumed to Be Dead*, an article on the plight of black-footed ferret in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where the preservation of America's great outdoors is an essential aspect of the sports world

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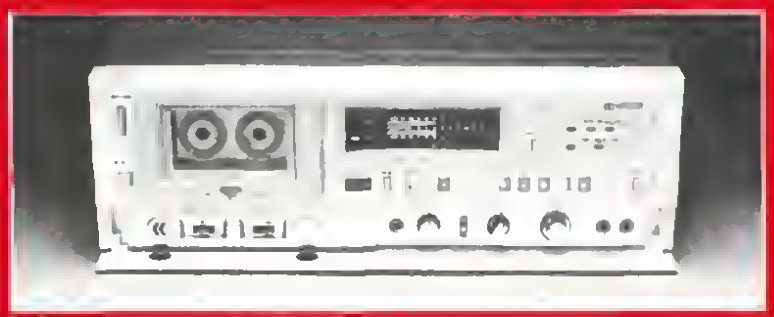


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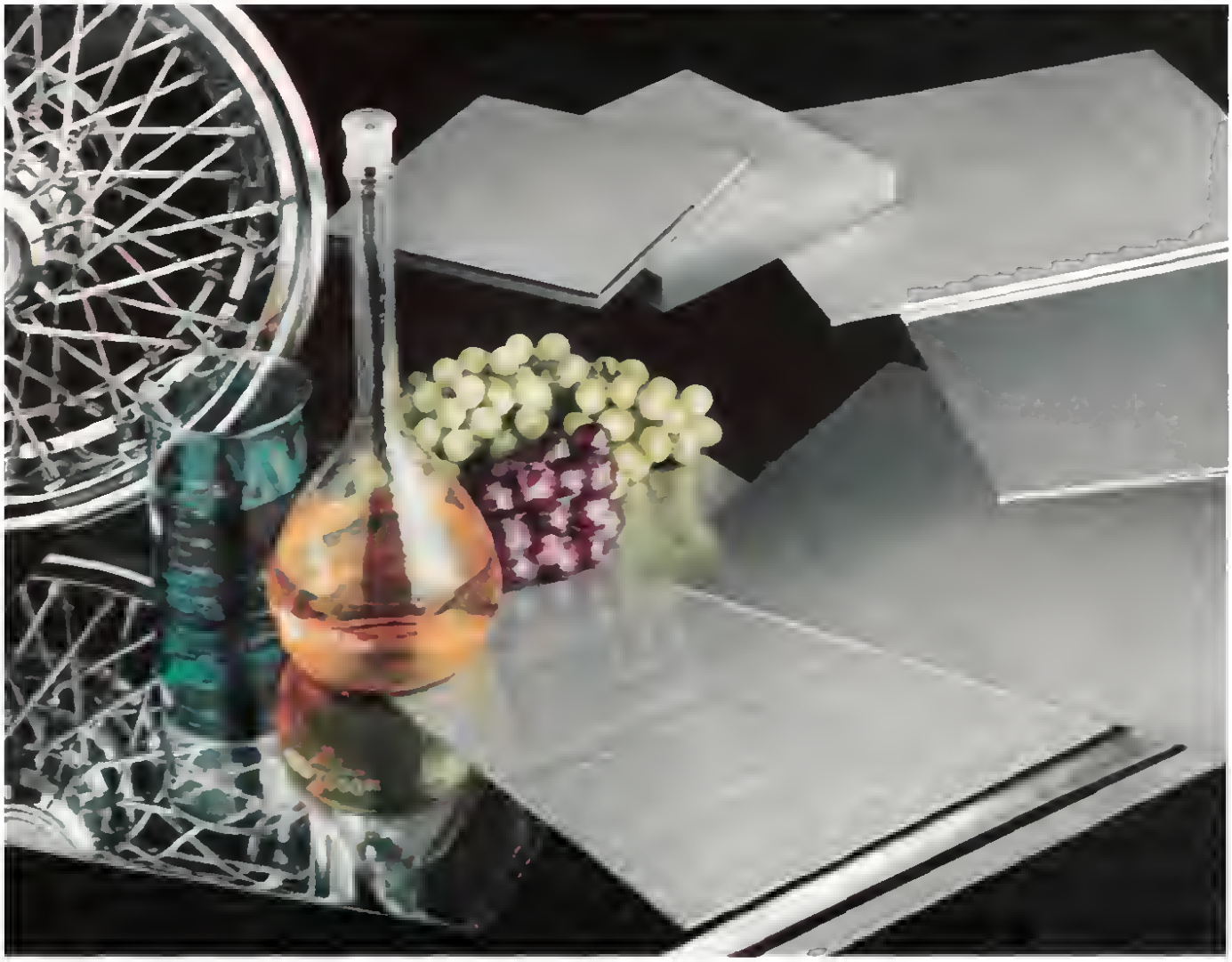
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had a particular appeal to me, and the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to do it."

A visitor recently asked Jean Russell, Erk's wife, what her reaction had been when Erk first mentioned going to GSC. "I thought he was joking," she said. "I *did* I thought he was joking the first and the second times we came down to look at the area. The third time, I could tell he wanted to take the job, if I was willing."

There were some perquisites. Erk's perks: Russell's salary is a trifle bigger now (about $47,000) than it was in Athens, and he's eligible for the state teachers' retirement program, which he wasn't at Georgia. And in a way he can't lose. He has inherited neither a tottering program nor the pressures that go with a successful one (see Faust, Gerry). Besides, the bumper stickers are naturals, from WORK FOR ERK TO NEVER BUTT HEADS WITH A BALD EAGLE. And, says Wagner, "The money is out there."

The first potential booster Russell met was Lincoln Womack, a man in his seventies who owns considerable forest acreage. He arrived in a Statesboro lawyer's office in overalls—to listen to Russell's spiel about the coming glories of GSC football and the desperate need for equipment and practice fields. When Erk had finished, Womack said, "Mr. Russell, I don't know a thing about ball. I never had no time for ball myself. And I don't have a million dollars like they say I do. But I've got a million pine trees, and when I sell some of them, I'll help you out all I can." That help has come at unpredictable intervals; once Womack stopped by and extracted "a wad of hundreds the size of my fist," says Russell, and peeled one off for Erk's Eagles.

What Russell needs most, of course, is a stadium (in the meantime the Eagles will play on Statesboro High's Womack field). One plan for its location would do away with a pine grove that is a town landmark. There, in 1901, Dr. Charles Herty and Frank Klarpp devised a method of extracting resin from pine trees without damaging them, thereby revolutionizing the turpentine industry.

Russell has gone under in his zeal to come out on top. Last month, for instance, he was in the dunking chair at the county fair to drum up cash. Scott Lamb, a 14-year-old lefthander, paid one dollar to try to send the 55-year-old Russell plunging into the tub, and he did. Russell aggravated an old knee injury while being dunked, and for a while his normal limp evolved from late George Patton to early Amos McCoy.

Other acquisitions have come easier. Sam Johnson, who played defensive tackle at Jacksonville (Ala.) State and owns Johnson's Minit Mart in Statesboro, gave the Eagles weights from a health club he had owned. Jerseys were purchased second-hand from Ole Miss (including one of Archie Manning's No. 18s) and Georgia Tech, and grassing contractor Joe Smallwood is going to grade and re-turf two practice fields. For the time being the coaches' offices are in a 40-foot mobile home (complete with three-stool bar and mirrored bath) donated by Robert Mallard's Housing Center in Statesboro. "I'd feel a lot more comfortable," says Russell, "if they'd take the wheels off this thing, they're liable to roll me right out of town."

The team has been in pads for five weeks now, and scrimmages are coming up with the Florida State junior varsity, the Fort Benning Doughboys and the "Magnum Force" team of the Jacksonville, Fla., police. For now Russell has been treating his squad of walk-ons like Junkyard Dogs, and enthusiasm runs high. A linebacker from Macon, Tommy Raye, had GATA—an Erkism meaning, roughly, Get After Them Aggressively—shaved into his hair. "I'd like him on my side in a street fight," says Russell, "but he *is* small."

Back in Athens, Dooley confesses, "I miss Erk personally, first of all, and professionally because he's always been a perfect complement to me in every way. I'm excited for him because he's excited. It's a fun-type thing and Erk's a fun-type person."

When Georgia opened its season against Tennessee, the Russells were weekending on Hilton Head Island, S.C. Erk called Dooley after the Bulldogs' morning meal to wish him luck and to tell him his plans for the day, which were to take a cooler, some Red Man, a couple of cigars and a radio to the beach and listen to the game. "Jean and I sat there with our ears glued to that radio," Russell recalls. "What really amazed me was that there were 300 people in front of us on that beach, doing the things that people do, and not a one of them giving a damn about that game. For 17 years, I swear I'd never known that there were all those people outside of a stadium on a Saturday afternoon in the fall."

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST All four Southwest Conference games were played in rain, but nobody had a more washed-out feeling than Arkansas Halfback Gary Anderson, who had three touchdowns—a 47-yard run, an 18-yard pass reception and a 63-yard punt return—nullified by penalties. Nevertheless, the Razorbacks hung Rice out to dry 41–7. Brad Taylor took over the Hogs' signal-calling for injured Tom Jones and accounted for 287 yards—197 by completing 15 of 25 passes and 90 more on 20 carries. While Arkansas piled up 618 yards in total offense, the Owls had only 117. Rice rallied—sort of—in the third period with its first pass completion and its initial first down.

Southern Methodist sloshed to a 27–7 triumph at Texas A&M to cling to its Southwest Conference lead. As usual, it was Mustang Tailbacks Eric Dickerson and Craig James who made the difference. Dickerson twice banged across the goal line from one yard out, broke loose on a 26-yard jaunt for another TD and rushed for 123 yards. James ran for 84 yards and averaged 42.1 yards on nine punts, one a quick kick of 73 yards.

Texas Tech Quarterback Ron Reeves was waterlogged after being sacked 13 times for losses totaling 86 yards in a 26–9 loss at Texas. Rodney Tate, who has moved ahead of A.J. (Jam) Jones as the starting Longhorn tailback, darted 52 yards for a TD and Raul Allegre kicked four field goals.

Dry. It sounded like the perfect name on such a soggy day. But F.A. Dry, the Texas Christian coach, had lots to lament. Like scads of injuries. Six Horned Frog defensive tackles have been hurt in the past three weeks. And Quarterback Steve Stamp, seventh in the nation in total offense at the game's start, dislocated his right shoulder when he tackled Houston's Grady Turner, who intercepted one of his passes early in the fourth period. Eddie Clark, who hadn't thrown a pass all year, replaced Stamp and tossed for two yards and a touchdown to cut the Cougar advantage to 20–16 with 2:13 left. TCU executed an onside kickoff and recovered at its own 46, but Houston held on to preserve its margin.

Southern Mississippi scored its second straight shutout, 22–0, at North Texas State, to remain undefeated. That made the Golden Eagles the NCAA leaders in scoring defense with a six-points-per-game average. The visitors' Nasty-Bunch defense hounded the Mean Green into 12 fumbles and yielded a meager 48 yards in total offense. Southern Mississippi got 140 yards rushing and one touchdown from Sammy Winder and scoring runs of 54 and 13 yards from Reggie Collier.

continued

SI TOP 20

1.	PITT (7–0)	2 *
2.	USC (7–1)	3
3.	CLEMSON (8–0)	4
4.	GEORGIA (7–1)	8
5.	PENN STATE (6–1)	1
6.	N. CAROLINA (7–1)	8
7.	ALABAMA (7–1–1)	9
8.	TEXAS (6–1)	10
9.	SMU (7–1)	11
10.	ARIZONA ST. (6–1)	12
11.	MISS. STATE (6–2)	7
12.	MIAMI (5–2)	—
13.	MICHIGAN (6–2)	14
14.	ARKANSAS (6–2)	15
15.	NEBRASKA (6–2)	16
16.	FLORIDA ST. (6–2)	18
17.	S. MISSISSIPPI (6–0–1)	19
18.	OKLAHOMA (4–2–1)	—
19.	WASH. STATE (6–1–1)	17
20.	HAWAII (6–0)	20

* Last week

MIDWEST Ohio State caught Purdue with its punts down—one, anyway—en route to a 45–33 triumph in West Lafayette. It was Flanker Cedric Anderson who crashed through to block one of five Boilermaker kicks. Said Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce, "Cedric told me, 'I'll block one, Coach.' Cedric did that, had two touchdown receptions and had a one-handed grab on our last drive that was really important." Two plays after the punt that Anderson smothered rolled out of bounds at the Boilermaker 16, Art Schlichter faked a pitchout and dashed 14 yards for a touchdown and a 10–7 Ohio State lead. On the Buckeyes' next possession, Anderson caught a long pass from Schlichter and took one stride into the end zone to conclude a 47-yard scoring play. That pair also combined on two big passes in the fourth quarter. The first was a 23-yarder for a touchdown. Then, after Purdue had closed to within five points, 33–38, Anderson made his one-handed catch of a 31-yard pass from Schlichter on third-and-nine from the Buckeye 39. Schlichter finished with 336 yards and three touchdown throws as he completed 19 of 33. Boilermaker Scott Campbell was even more productive of yardage, completing 31 of 52 passes for a school-record 516 yards and three TDs. But Campbell was also sacked seven times for minus 66 yards.

Victories by Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin kept them half a game behind Ohio State in the Big Ten standings. Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler guessed correctly that Minnesota would "come at us hard to stop the run, so we turned Smith loose." Steve Smith responded by completing 13 of 20 passes for 237 yards and three touchdowns as Michigan won 34–13. Eight of those tosses—good for 154 yards and one touchdown—were hauled in by Anthony Carter.

Illinois defenders pounced on four of five Iowa fumbles (one in the end zone for a TD), picked off two passes and knocked the Hawkeyes out of a share of first place, 24–7. Tony Eason of the Illini was on the mark with 22 of 34 aerials for 263 yards, including a pair of touchdown passes to Oliver Williams that covered 56 and four yards.

Michigan State's John Leister passed for 233 yards and two touchdowns, and Morten Andersen kicked four field goals as the Spartans defeated Indiana 26–3. "Somewhere, sometime we're going to spring on somebody," said Northwestern Coach Dennis Green before facing Wisconsin. The Wildcats didn't spring anything on the Badgers, who led 21–0 after 9½ minutes and went on to win 52–0. That was the 28th straight loss for Northwestern, tying the NCAA Division I-A mark held by Virginia and Kansas State.

"I think our goalposts have magnets for the opposing team," Nebraska Defensive Tackle Henry Waechter said after Bruce Kallmeyer of Kansas booted five field goals in Lincoln. That made opposing kickers 11 for 11 at Nebraska. Those field goals left the Jayhawks trailing only 17–15 in the third period. But from then on the game belonged to the Cornhuskers. I-Back Mike Rozier climaxing a 31–15 victory and his 179-yard day with a 49-yard touchdown run. By allowing nothing more than field goals, Nebraska—for the first time in 71 years—has played five games in a row without giving up a touchdown.

Oklahoma kept up its pursuit of Nebraska in the Big Eight by flooring Colorado 49–0. The Buffaloes crossed midfield only twice during the rain-splattered contest, but the Sooners weren't hampered by the inclement weather, rushing for 348 yards. Quarterback Darrell Shepard, who played less than three quarters, led the Oklahoma assault with 132 yards rushing and three touchdowns.

Oklahoma State, second nationally in total defense (216.1 yards a game), gave up 341 yards to Missouri but pulled off a 16–12 upset. Three field goals by Larry Roach and a 40-yard TD run by Defensive End Rodney Harding with a fumble recovery in the third quarter settled the outcome.

Iowa State was also shocked, 10–7, at Kansas State. The Wildcats, who had lost six games in a row, limited Dwayne Crutchfield to 46 yards rushing—98 below his average. Mark Hundley scored the decisive points when he bulled his way two yards for a touchdown in the third quarter.

For the state of Iowa it was a Halloween filled with tricks and no treats. Not only did Iowa and Iowa State lose, but Drake was also toppled from the list of unbeaten and untied teams. The Bulldogs were upended at Tulsa 59–6, leaving those two teams tied with Southern Illinois for the Missouri Valley lead.

"I showed up at practice Monday and they said I was a split end," said Notre Dame freshman Joe Howard, a former wingback, after the Irish had trounced Navy 38–0. Howard, who hadn't caught a pass all season, latched on to five for 115 yards and two touchdowns as the Irish beat the Middies for the 18th straight time.

EAST When Pitt built its lead to 29–10 late in the third quarter at Boston College, it looked as if the undefeated Panthers would yawn their way to another win. Instead, the Eagles woke up everyone in Alumni Stadium. Wide Receiver Rob Rikard and freshman Quarterback Doug Flutie came up with the eye-openers by collaborating on a pair of touchdown passes. Rikard, who made acrobatic grabs on both plays, scored first on a 30-yarder in the third period when he caught a ball that had been deflected by a Pitt defender. Then, after the Eagles pounced on a Panther fumble at the Pitt 22, Rikard made a one-handed reception of a 17-yard scoring throw to whittle the deficit to 29–24 with only 1:12 gone in the fourth quarter. That, however, was the way the game ended up.

B.C. narrowly missed scoring again, but Panther Quarterback Dan Marino came through on defense to avert a possible upset. That happened when Cornerback Todd Russell picked off a Marino pass at the Pitt 42 and headed for the end zone. It all came down to Russell against Marino, the last Panther who had a shot at bringing him down. Marino made the tackle at the eight, and on the very next play Pitt recovered a fumbled pitchout.

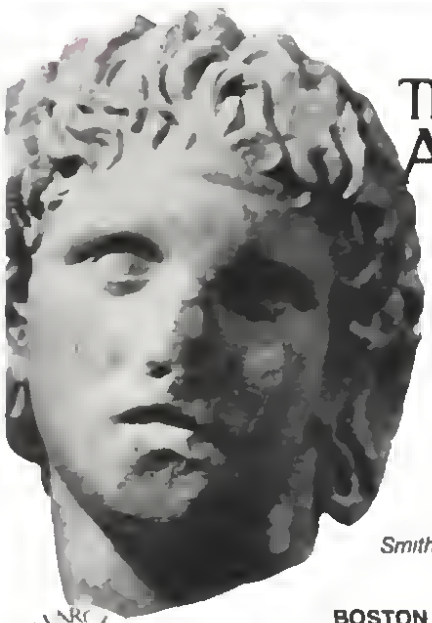
Flutie, who completed 23 of 42 passes for 347 yards, finished with more impressive statistics than Marino, who hit on 19 of 35 for 225 yards. Like Flutie, Marino threw for two touchdowns, his 20th and 21st of the season. What made the difference was that Panther runners gained 180 yards while Eagle ballcarriers were limited to 68. Tailback Bryan Thomas of Pitt rushed for 149 yards, scored on an 11-yard run and also caught six passes.

Like Pitt, Syracuse zipped in front quickly, appeared to have the game locked up and then almost succumbed to a case of ennui before polishing off Colgate. This was the first confrontation between the schools since 1961, when their longtime series was called off because the Orangemen were winning by such lopsided scores. More of the same seemed in store when Joe Morris raced 75 yards on the first play from scrimmage to give Syracuse a 7–0 lead after just 17 seconds had been played. But Colgate didn't fold. Freshman Steve Calabria connected on 22 of 40 passes for 279 yards, and after his third touchdown throw of the day, the Red Raiders had 24 points. Trouble was it was late in the fourth period and Syracuse had 37. The Orangemen went on to a 47–24 victory, and Morris led

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them by rushing for 185 yards. Split End Tom Rogers established a Red Raider record by gaining 187 yards on 11 receptions.

Another pass-catching mark was set by senior Wide Receiver Curt Grieve as Yale defeated Dartmouth 24–3 in a battle to settle first place in the Ivy League. Grieve, who took a year off and thought of transferring after his sophomore season, brought his career total of TD catches to 17 with two receptions. A major reason why Grieve returned to the Elis was that he "kept hearing about this kid named John Rogan with the golden arm." It was Rogan who threw both those scoring passes to help keep Yale unbeaten.

Senior Bob Holly of Princeton broke the Ivy single-game record for passing yardage in a 38–30 victory over Penn. Holly passed for 446 yards, completing 25 of 41 attempts, four for TDs. Harvard coasted 41–7 at Brown, and the Ivies split two out-of-conference games, Cornell beating Bucknell 22–15 and Columbia succumbing to Holy Cross 14–7.

Oliver Luck passed for 21 yards and a touchdown on West Virginia's first offensive play against East Carolina. The game's only other touchdown came when Luck ran seven yards in the fourth period to seal a 20–3 Mountaineer win.

Lehigh's Larry Michalski played just 25 minutes against Davidson, enough time to complete 13 of 17 passes for 253 yards and four touchdowns in a 69–7 rout. Michalski also went the final 11 yards for a TD on a 17-yard double-reverse-and-lateral on which he took a pitchback from Halfback Ed Godbolt, who was about to be tackled.

SOUTH "It was our job to stop them, not their job to stop themselves. I thought they were more than gracious." That was the opinion of Wake Forest Coach Al Groh after Clemson showed how gracious it could be by walloping the Deacons 82–24. Not even sending in the last-stringers could keep the Tigers from amassing 756 yards in total offense. Ah, well, perhaps it was a Grohing experience for the first-year coach. Clemson's romp was a tune-up for this week's showdown with North Carolina for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead.

When it came to being gracious, Wake Forest's mascot, a student decked out like a deacon, put his muscle where his mouth was, so to speak. The Tiger mascot, weary from having already done 384 push-ups for the day, refused to do any more after Clemson scored for the final time. So the Deacon spelled him by doing the last 82.

North Carolina had no such easy time at Maryland, where the Terps led 10–7 with 9:30 remaining. With Rod Elkins out with an injured ankle, Scott Stankavage was at quarterback for the Tar Heels. North Carolina knotted the score at 10–all with 5:45 left, and then, on the first play after recovering a fumble at the Maryland 20, went ahead 17–10 on a pass

continued



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from Stankavage to Tyrone Anthony with 1:20 to go. That was the fourth fumble lost by the Terps, who also had other difficulties. Maryland's top ground-gainer, Charlie Wysocki, reinjured his left shoulder and picked up only nine yards. And Quarterback Boomer Esiason injured his neck with 1:05 left in the game. His replacement, Bob Milkovich, led the Terps from their own 40 to the Tar Heel 15 by completing three passes, but Milkovich then missed twice and had his final toss intercepted in the end zone by Free Safety Walt Black with eight seconds to play.

Independent South Carolina defeated visiting North Carolina State 20–12 in an error-filled game. The teams combined for 11 turnovers, eight interceptions and three lost fumbles. It wasn't until Free Safety Chuck Finney ran back an interception 55 yards for a touchdown in the closing minute that the home team could breathe easily. Duke overtook Georgia Tech 38–24. Virginia, which had been winless, handed VMI its first defeat, 13–10.

When Tailback Ricky Williams was sidelined by an ankle injury two weeks ago, Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden took a chance and started freshman Greg Allen against LSU. In 31 carries Allen gained a team-record 202 yards. So, Bowden wasn't as fearful when he had to start Allen last week against Western Carolina. Allen, a 6-foot 198-pounder, carried 32 times for 322 yards, an NCAA record for a freshman and the ninth-highest total ever in I-A. Allen, who sat out the last seven minutes, came within 35 yards of breaking the all-time record by Georgia Tech's Eddie Lee Ivery. Bowden, who had expected this game to be a breeze, used Allen until then because the Catamounts refused to cave in. The Western players, who were 2–6 and who had endured an 8½-hour bus ride to Tallahassee, stayed in the game on Ronnie Mixon's 25-for-41 passing, which netted 322 yards. It was one of those big-number shootouts. 1,060 yards in total offense, with Florida State gaining 623 of them and winning 56–31.

Herschel Walker of Georgia, the only other freshman besides Allen to have rushed for 200 or more yards in back-to-back games, continued to have slightly less success as a sophomore. Walker lugged the ball 23 times for 112 yards, but did score four times as the Bulldogs defeated Temple 49–3.

Alabama overcame a 7–11 scare—the Tide lost seven of 11 fumbles—to salvage a 13–10 victory over Mississippi State. It helped that 'Bama recovered four of six bobbles by the Bulldogs and intercepted two of their passes. The last interception was by Strong Safety Tommy Wilcox at the Alabama one with 19 seconds left. That halted a desperation drive by Mississippi State Quarterback John Bond, who had hit on three passes for 70 yards during the final two minutes. A 10–10 deadlock, which had stood since halftime, was broken when freshman Terry Sanders booted the decisive 28-yard field goal early in the fourth period. Peter Kim, who earlier had kicked a 27-yarder for Alabama, was unable to try for that one because he injured his leg while attempting a field goal late in the first half. The win put the Tide half a game in front of Georgia in the Southeastern Conference and moved Coach Bear Bryant into a tie with Pop Warner for second place on the all-time victory list, one short of tying Amos Alonzo Stagg's record of 314.

Florida, which had won only three of 23 games at Auburn since 1912, seemed poised to do a turnabout. Trailing 12–14, the Gators recovered a fumble at the Tiger 31 with two minutes to go, and Brian Clark, who had already booted four field goals, was ready, willing and apparently able to add another for a 15–14 lead. But Clark missed a 40-yarder, and Auburn prevailed, despite having lost four first-half fumbles and having gotten only 40 yards in total offense in the last half.

David Johnston, though, booted a timely field goal for LSU, a 46-yarder in the last second to earn a 27–27 tie at Jackson, Miss. Vanderbilt beat Memphis State 26–0, and Virginia Tech knocked off Kentucky 29–3.

WEST With 47 seconds to go in a Big Sky game at Weber State, Milt Myers of the Wildcats passed 30 yards to Split End Ray McNeil for a touchdown to cut Northern Arizona's lead to 17–16. Roger Ruzek added the PAT to make it 17–17, which is how it stayed until the clock ran down. A tie, right? Wrong. Three I-AA conferences—the Yankee and Ohio Valley are the others—play overtime periods this season. And so it came to pass that the first-ever regular-season major-college overtime game was played.

Weber State won the coin flip and elected to start the extra period on defense, the Lumberjacks putting the ball into play at the Wildcat 15, as the rules dictate. On the third play, Scott Lindquist passed nine yards to Dion Jergo to put Northern up 23–17. Because of a low snap on the PAT try, holder Kevin Margerum tried a pass, which was incomplete. Then it was Weber State's turn to get the ball at the Lumberjack 15. Myers hit Eric Allen with a touchdown pass on first down, and Ruzek kicked the extra point for a 24–23 Weber State win.

In a week filled with standout performances by players named Allen, the least surprising was that by Southern Cal's Marcus Allen. "I saw him in a phone booth," said Washington State Coach Jim Walden of Allen. "I saw him fly over the stadium. He plays like Superman." Walden had a right to feel that way after Allen ran 44 times for 289 yards and three touchdowns, and caught the first TD pass of his career as USC won 41–17. It was the sixth time this season that Allen had gained 200 or more yards, an NCAA mark.

If Allen played like Superman, Darrin Nelson of Stanford performed like Captain Marvel. Nelson rushed for 154 yards, caught 10 passes for 136 yards and scored four touchdowns at Washington. "He's a great Astro-Turf runner," Cardinal Coach Paul Wiggin said. Nelson's appraisal: "It's like everybody else is playing on glass and I'm on grass." Despite Nelson's Shazam! efforts, though, the Huskies were 42–31 winners. They scored four TDs in just 3:09 in the third period to go on top 42–7. Another Allen—Washington's Anthony—scored on a 71-yard punt return during that outburst. And another Nelson—Chuck—set up a Husky six-pointer with a 49-yard run on a fake field goal play. It was thus to no avail that Stanford's John Elway completed 27 of 51 passes for 361 yards and two touchdowns. All of which left Washington tied with idle Arizona State for first in the Pac-10, half a game ahead of USC, Washington State and UCLA. The Bruins won 28–11 at Oregon as freshman Tailback Danny Andrews ran for three touchdowns. Four TDs by Running Back Carl Montgomery carried California past Oregon State 45–3.

Utah remained half a game in front in the Western AC race by beating San Diego State 17–14. Gilbert Alvarez of the Utes, who apparently had missed a 39-yard field goal with 2:00 left, got another chance because his team was called for delaying the game. Alvarez made good on his 44-yard second try. Hawaii knocked off visiting Nevada-Las Vegas 57–21 in a shootout in which the Rainbow Warriors topped the Rebels in total-offense yardage 568 to 466.

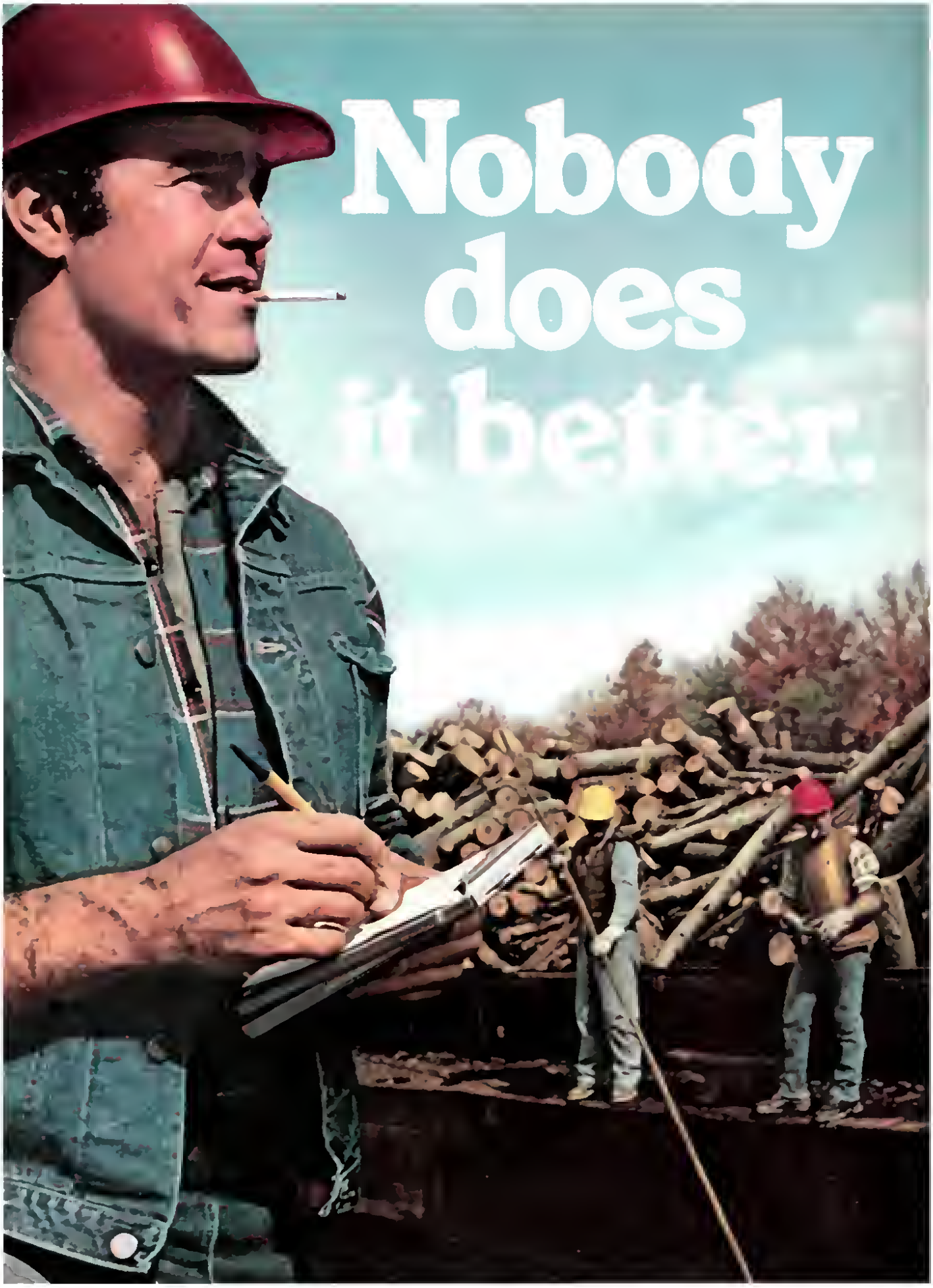
Brigham Young's defense, which has been shaky in recent weeks, finally buckled down against New Mexico. The Lobos had just 94 yards in total offense, blew a 7–0 first-quarter lead and lost 31–7. Jim McMahon was on target with 23 of 37 passes for 282 yards and three touchdowns for the Cougars. That gave him an NCAA-record 72 career TD throws.

Ali Kincaid, the 9-year-old daughter of Wyoming Coach Al Kincaid, wrapped her arms around her father's legs during a post-game press conference and asked him, "What does a blitz mean?" Winless Colorado State knew, all right, its quarterbacks having been sacked 12 times by the blitzing Cowboys, who won 55–21. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Greg Allen scored on a 95-yard kickoff return and set two NCAA records as Florida State beat Western Carolina: 322 yards rushing, a freshman mark, and 417 yards in all-purpose running.

DEFENSE: Pete DiClementi, a 5′ 11″, 193-pound senior strong safety, starred in Oklahoma State's 16–12 defeat of Missouri, taking part in 15 tackles, blocking a Tiger punt and recovering a fumble.


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Sound Capital investment

U.S. schoolboy whiz Bobby Carpenter is yielding high returns in Washington

by Mike DelNagro

At age 18, Bobby Carpenter is a target on ice skates, a marked man in the NHL. As a high school sophomore, he led St. John's Prep of Danvers, Mass. to a 21–2 record and its first state hockey title. Yes, as a sophomore. Now, three years later, he's trying to lift the hapless Washington Capitals to respectability. Consider the enormous burden on his shoulders: He's a U.S. kid in a game dominated by fiercely provincial and occasionally violent Canadian men. In a wink, these guys can make your face what is called coyote ugly.

"So far nothing has fazed him," a teammate says. Carpenter has already been clutched, grabbed and hooked, not to mention slashed, smashed and speared. That's how old NHL hands try to distract promising rookies. "I've been in hundreds of rinks and nobody has run me out of one yet," says Carpenter. To stay in, he keeps his eyes open, his mouth shut and his fists and stick ready.

Last June, Carpenter was the No. 3 pick in the NHL draft, the highest any American-born player had ever been chosen. He is the youngest player in the league and the first to go directly from a U.S. high school to the NHL. What makes the leap so memorable is that the caliber of play in the fastest of U.S. high school leagues doesn't approach that of Canadian junior hockey, the training ground of the vast majority of NHL players. Even in U.S. hockey hotbeds, high school teams play only about 20 games a season; Canadian junior teams play as many as 100. "I'd heard about some high school kid who the scouts said was good enough to play in the NHL," says Washington Coach Gary Green. "I said I'd believe it when I see it." Green has seen. Green believes.

Right off at Washington's training camp, Carpenter so impressed Green and Caps General Manager Max McNab that they assigned him to center a line with Ryan Walter and Mike Gartner, two of the team's highest-scoring forwards. In five exhibition games in Sweden and Finland, Carpenter scored a total of five goals. After his first six regular-season games, he had three goals and three assists, though over the next two weeks he had only four assists as Washington lost all six of its games.

According to McNab, all Carpenter needs is experience. In high school he owned the puck, so he never had to worry much about positioning. Now he must work on moving without the puck, as well as on the art of defense. He already shoots bullets and is tremendously quick. "He'll carry the puck through heavy traffic and yet make something happen because he has such quick hands," says McNab. "There's something magic in his wrists. All superior players have magical wrists. They can pull pucks away or fire shots that average players cannot. Bobby's wrists are as quick as I've ever seen."

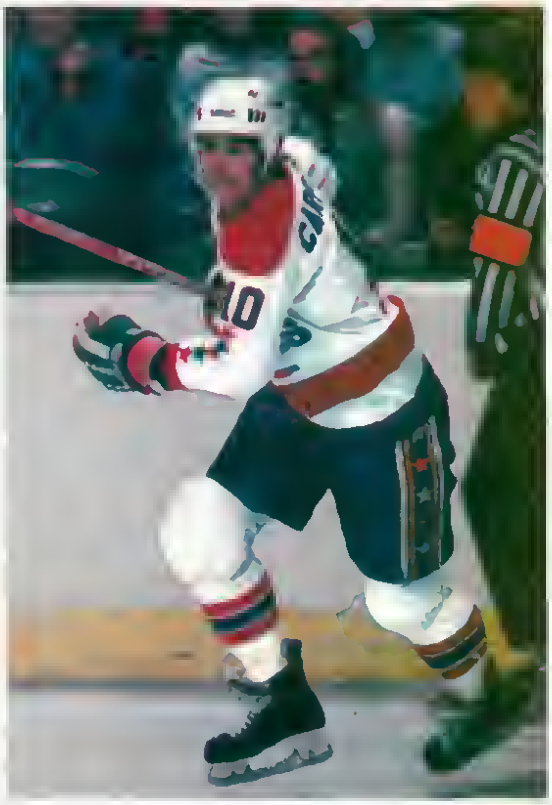
Because a center is usually the quarterback of a hockey team, statistics alone often fail to reflect his worth. When evaluating a center, forget goal-scoring totals and focus on such subtleties as winning face-offs and playmaking. Carpenter excels at both. Against Buffalo in the first game of the season, he won the opening face-off, shed a defenseman to get at the puck, which was loose at mid-ice, and poked a perfect pass to Walter flying down the right side. Walter scored on the breakaway, and in just 12 seconds as a pro, Carpenter had his first assist.

Ten nights later, against Buffalo again, the Caps gave up a horrendous goal at 19:58 of the opening period to fall behind 2–0. Next period, first shift, Carpenter took the puck the length of the ice, beat two Sabres and scored. With one rush he had brought Washington back into the game. More important was the lift his goal gave the Capitals' crowd. One moment the fans were booing, the next they were cheering. "Great athletes seem to have some God-given gift by which they make their greatest plays at the most timely moments," McNab says. "I think Bobby has that gift."

Promising as he is, though, Carpenter very likely would be riding the bench were he playing for the Islanders or some other top team. But the Capitals need him. They are in their eighth season and have yet to make the playoffs. As of Sunday, their record was 1–11, the poorest in hockey.

Before a recent game against the Islanders, Green shook up his lines, dropping Carpenter to No. 3 center between Bengt Gustafsson and Roland Stoltz. Since then he has centered four other lines. The Caps' gravest shortcoming this

continued



"Magical wrists" may make Bobby a star.

season has been defending their net. One reason is that the centers—Carpenter especially—have failed to come back deep enough to help the defensemen. "Bobby's got to learn two-way hockey," says Green, "but he certainly has the tools to play defense."

At 6′ 1″, 185 pounds—and still growing—Carpenter also has the tools to protect himself. In a preseason game against Pittsburgh, rookie Steve Gatzos took a run at Carpenter. Bobby dropped his gloves and pumped five right-hands into the surprised Gatzos' face.

Five days later, when Philadelphia's Ken Linseman slashed him, Carpenter slashed him back and cross-checked him hard to the ice. He then dived on Linseman and began throwing haymakers. "I know some guys will try to intimidate me," says Carpenter, "and I know none of them can."

To the Hartford Whalers, it was a sucker punch that sent Carpenter to Washington in the first place. On the morning of the draft, everyone knew the scenario. Hartford, picking fourth, had a lock on Carpenter. The first three selectors—Winnipeg, Los Angeles and Colorado—were set on Canadian juniors. Washington wanted Carpenter but had the No. 5 pick. Bob Carpenter Sr. sat at a table with the Hartford contingent. He was excited because it looked as if his son would be playing close to home. The Whalers had even talked to Bob Sr., a sergeant on the Peabody (Mass.) police force, about making him a team scout. (He's now doing some scouting for the Caps in New England.)

But 15 minutes before the draft began, McNab and Colorado General Manager Billy MacMillan quietly struck a deal. The Rockies, who didn't have a second-round pick, gave Washington their first- and third-round choices in exchange for the Caps' first- and second-round picks. Winnipeg and L.A. selected. Then—bang!—Colorado announced the switch and McNab had Carpenter.

The Hartford people were stunned. Bob Sr. stormed off, brushing aside a Washington reporter by saying he wanted nothing to do with anybody from that city. "He was just shocked for the moment," says Bobby. "All of his plans fell apart so fast. As for me, I didn't care. I was happy. I thought that if the Capitals wanted me that badly, they must want me to play right away."

Too true, but few knew just how badly Washington wanted to land him. All last season Capital scouts bird-dogged Carpenter. Because they were aware of Hartford's interest in him and eager to disguise their own, they adopted a low-key approach. They showed up at nearly all of Carpenter's games but seldom let school officials know of their presence. The Caps quietly scouted Carpenter during the World Junior Championships in Munich last winter as well. There he outplayed Canada's top junior player, Dale Hawerchuk of the Quebec League Cornwall Royals.

Despite his evident skills, shortly after the draft several Washington reporters suggested to McNab that he had selected Carpenter largely for his potential box-office appeal. McNab countered by producing Washington's official scouting evaluation sheet, dated Nov. 18, long before the draft. Cap scouts had rated Hawerchuk and Carpenter No. 1 and No. 1A, respectively, a breath apart. Hawerchuk was the first pick in the draft, going to Winnipeg. That left Carpenter. All that concerned McNab was whether he could sign him. McNab continued the low-key approach and didn't pressure him. Still, for Carpenter the next 2½ months were, in his word, "brutal." He had to decide whether to honor a letter of intent he'd signed to attend Providence College or to turn pro. Bobby Orr, a sort of volunteer hockey adviser to the Carpenter family, pushed college. So did Carpenter's parents. His father, in particular, worried that Bobby might not make the big club right away. He was adamant that Bobby stay out of the minors. According to Bob Sr., the minors have too many no-talent but big, overly aggressive, attention-hungry goons, the kind of players who maim you and then go out for a pizza.

Today Carpenter scoffs at the notion that his father had reason to be concerned. Carpenter maintains that he never gave the minors a serious thought. "The only question was what I *wanted* to do," he says, "never what *could* I do. If I wanted to play in the NHL, I would. My whole life, anything I ever really wanted to do, I did. *Anything! Anything!*"

Carpenter has always had a mind of his own. When he was 15, for instance, his coach at St. John's, Joe Yannetti, offered him a job stocking shelves at his paint factory in nearby Lynn, Mass. Bobby wanted to earn some money. Bob Sr. said no: School, hockey and work might be too much to handle. Bobby took the job anyway. By his senior year, Bobby not only was something special in hockey, but also had improved his class rank from 125th to 26th. Most fulfilling of all, at the moment at least, he had earned a promotion to second-in-command at the factory, a position whose responsibilities included actually making the paint. "Anything I ever tried hard to do, I did," he says once again.

By late August both Providence and Washington were itchy for Carpenter's decision. The Capitals had offered him a three-year contract worth a reported $600,000. On the 24th, he sat down with his parents and Orr. "It's Washington," he announced. He now admits that it was Washington all along. "I'd prepared myself for the NHL since the first day I ever put on skates," he says. "It was like searching for years for a buried treasure. When you find it, you don't say, 'Well, maybe I'll dig it up next week.' "

For their part, the Capitals have a most visible treasure. Now all they need to go with it is a team. **END**



Carpenter says no one will intimidate him.

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Outstanding in her fields

Penn State's Candy Finn sticks out in both field hockey and lacrosse

by Bob Ottum



Finn (white top) is no whiz on defense, but then her field hockey goal is sconng.

This happened last November, on a crisp Saturday afternoon at Southern Illinois University. Penn State had just won the national championship in women's field hockey, the school's first, and the players were laughing it up in a room at the Holiday Inn in Carbondale. Some of the accompanying parents had thoughtfully iced down a few bottles of champagne and Coach Gillian Rattray was permitting the team a glass or two of bubbly. And that's when someone yelled, "Shhhh, everybody! We're on the phone. We're calling home." The room fell silent.

"Yes, it's collect," the girl said into the phone. "My name is Candy Finn. And it's collect to Joe Paterno."

Coach Rattray took a swallow of champagne. Joe Paterno? The legendary football coach, now also the athletic director? Collect to his *home*? Would he appreciate the interruption on what was—for him—a rare Saturday afternoon off during the football season?

"Hey, Joe!" the girl yelled into the phone. "Guess what? Penn State won the title! Yes, we did. Beat California in the final. We scored twice in the last six minutes and won 2–1. Yes, uh-huh, we're all fine. O.K. We'll see you when we get home, Joe."

For all his eminence, Paterno was delighted, of course. What college athletic director wouldn't welcome such a report at any time of the day or night? Besides, he knew the caller. Out of all the players on his women's teams, only Candy Finn would do something like that—and reverse the charges.

That was last year, and now there's a good chance there'll be another call just like it, from Berkeley on Nov. 21, the final day of this year's nationals. That's because—Hey, Joe!—Penn State's Lady Lions are currently 15–1–1 in a 17-game season and rolling toward another title. If not a title, another outstanding year. The one upset, a 3–2 loss to Temple a couple of weeks ago, was Penn State's first field hockey defeat in 33 games. And most of this prominence comes thanks to Candy Finn, tousled star not only of field hockey but also lacrosse. As she charges through her senior year she may well be the best woman team athlete in the country.

Finn is an All-America in both sports. In lacrosse, she is the top scorer in Penn State history and in the nation, with 240 points in 42 games for a 5.3 per-game average. She is a three-time member of the U.S. lacrosse team, was top scorer in the April 1980 series with England that returned the world championship to this country, and she has been the big gun on the two national championship teams Penn State has had since she came to University Park. In field hockey, Finn has just about every school record; she has 82 goals and 15 assists in 79 games. Her career point total tops anybody's in the AIAW's Division I and probably the whole country—but nobody keeps official national field hockey stats. Two more items. What Finn left unsaid in last November's phone call was that she had scored *all* of Penn State's five goals in the semifinal and championship games, including a hat trick against Delaware in the semis. And hidden in there is the clincher. Candy Finn is the only college athlete in the country to have scored the points that won national championships in two sports. If anyone can top that, she or he ought to consider getting right on the phone to Joe Paterno.

Finn's response to talk about her prowess is a shrug and a sort of wicked giggle. She doesn't try to analyze her moves. Umm, jeez, the ability more or less came with the body, you know, like standard equipment. Besides, she's been doing this all her *life*. Back at Penncrest High in Media, Pa., Finn played lacrosse, field hockey and basketball. She was captain of all three teams and led all three to league titles. "Sometimes I'm not really

continued

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ELIOT JANEWAY,
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Smirnoff

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

aware of about half the stuff I'll do on the field," she says ingenuously. "You know, like I'll make a tough shot and say, 'Well, well, did I do *that*?' "

At 5′ 8″, 135 pounds, the 21-year-old Finn looks long-legged for her size as she strides onto a playing field. Warming up, she moves around sleepily, occasionally gazing off into the distance and absently twirling her hockey stick like a baton. But when the game starts, Finn plays like someone who has been studying a secret cache of old Bob Cousy game films. Look this way and pass that way; the head fake and then the stutter step, all of it somehow transferred to a grassy field in the middle of Pennsylvania. "I'm sort of freelancing as I go," she says.

The Lady Lions are an attack-finesse team, says Rattray. That means they'll blast downfield to the goal, knocking aside everything in their path, and then look for the perfect shot. "We care how we win," Rattray says. The players chatter constantly and, at left link, Finn must sort out all of the alarums and warnings, like "Look right!" and "Behind you," until finally, she says, she'll mutter to a teammate, "O.K., I'm going *through*." And through she goes. She plays defense only if it will help. Ordinarily, she says—*giggle*—"I only get in the way."

It's that honest, laughing admission of human frailty that does it. Finn never tries to shine up her image to suit the occasion.

Question: It says here somewhere that nutrition and a balanced diet are important to the success of your team. What did you have for breakfast?

Answer: Who, me? Two peanut butter crackers and a Pepsi.

Before the final game of the regular season last Saturday, Finn consumed two hamburgers, a double order of French fries, a milk shake and a Coke. Then she went out and scored both Penn State goals in a 2–1 win over Ursinus.

Indeed, Finn says, "If I had to cut my entire food budget in half to economize, all I'd have to do is cut out pizza and cheese sticks and French fries."

There's something familiar about such straightforwardness, something faintly déjà vu, perhaps, as one watches this girl with the untroubled brow and tumbled dark hair and the wry half-smile . . . Of course. The *name* and the *girl* are a perfect match. When you think Candy Finn you think Nancy Drew and Trixie Belden, girl detectives. Someone might make a bundle with a new series of mystery novels for subteen girls:

Candy Finn and the Great Lacrosse Caper.

Candy Finn and the Goal-line Assault and Battery.

Candy Finn and the Missing Nittany Lion

The connection makes even more sense when one considers that Finn has always pretty much set her own course, just as good old Trixie Belden might have. Candy is the youngest of the Finns, with two brothers and two sisters. Her parents split up, and while Mom Georganna worked as a nurse to support them, Candy more or less looked after herself. "Nobody else around our neighborhood had a girl my age to play with," she says, "so I became a tomboy. In elementary school someone spotted this, well, this natural ability in lacrosse, and told me, 'Someday people are going to envy you for the way you'll play.' Envy me? Wow! Who would ever envy me? So that's what sent me to the cemetery."

The cemetery?

"It was right near where we lived," she says. "And I used to go over there all the time, every day. I'd stay hours at a time, sometimes until late evening, practicing my lacrosse shots. Overhead. Sidearm, behind the back. I would bang the ball off the headstones."



In spring Finn's fancy turns to lacrosse and to hopes of another national championship.

Perfect. *Candy Finn and the Graveyard Goal.*

Finn went on to become a high school whiz. "Mom couldn't afford to send me to college," she says, "so I *had* to win a full scholarship." She did. And now, a stack of school records later, her collegiate career is winding down. November's postseason play will give her another five games if Penn State rolls through the regionals and nationals again. Then a restless winter until March, and her final lacrosse season, one she hopes will bring back the national championship that Penn State won in her freshman and sophomore years.

"Too bad there's not a pro circuit," she says. "I could maybe get drafted and become another Herschel Walker or somebody." Wicked giggle. Finn expects to go into advertising, her major, but she'll probably have a run at making the U.S. women's field hockey team for the 1984 Olympics.

As for now: "You know what this place is?" Finn says. "Penn State is Happy Valley. The real world lies out there on the other side of Nittany Mountain. Sometimes it scares me."

It scares everybody, Candy. But you've got one big advantage going in. If something happens to go wrong out there, you can just pick up the telephone. Uh, hello, Joe? **END**

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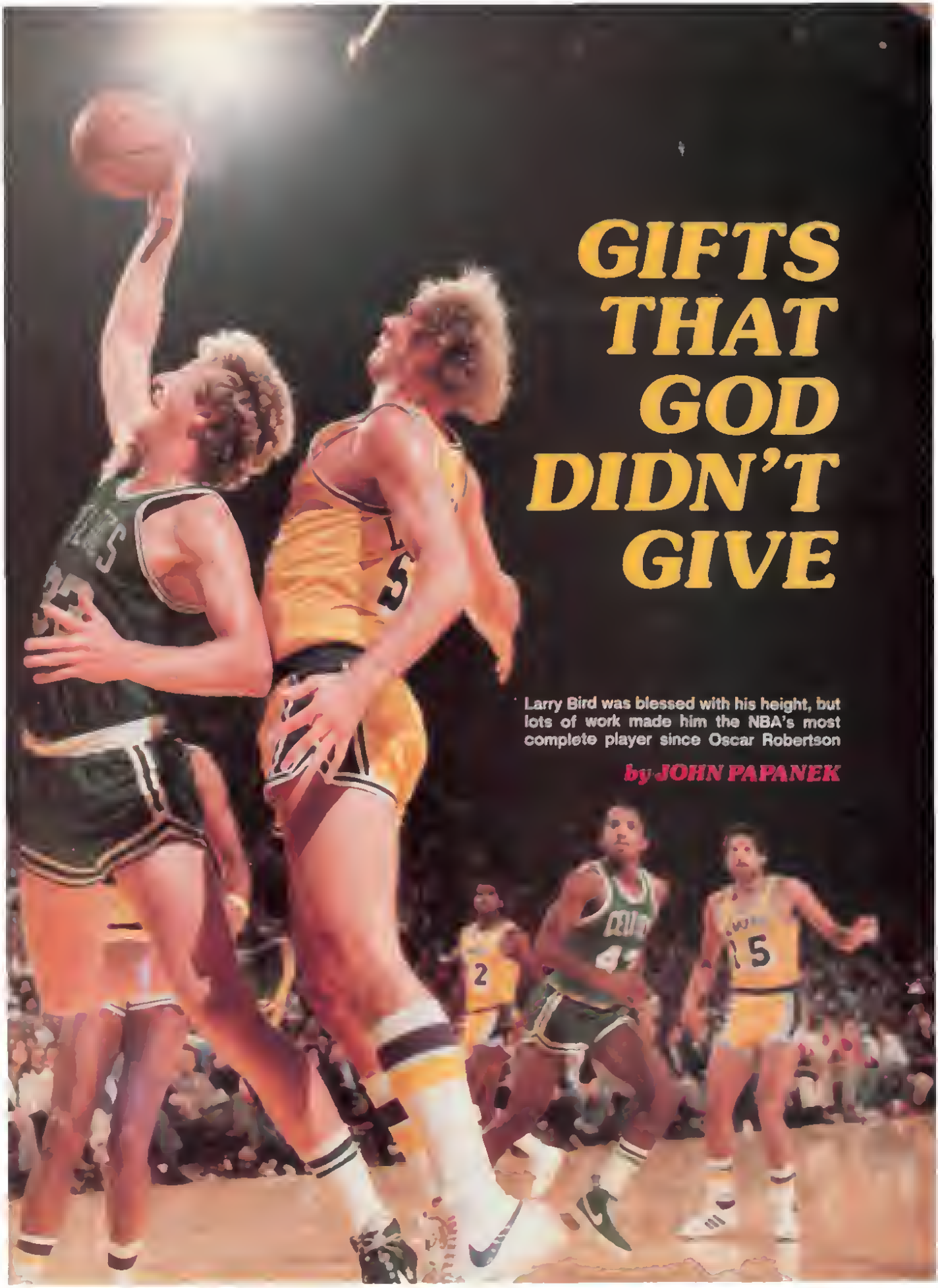
Outside the gym it's a chilly and gray Brookline, Mass. evening. Inside it's steamy and hot and marginally violent. It is the first of October, the last day of a rite known as orientation camp, and eight players, including one promising rookie and one has-been, are scrimmaging for their lives against the home team from Hellenic College. The following morning the veterans would check into camp, and soon afterward, most of the members of the orientation class would be checking out. The veterans, after all, are the real owners of the green jerseys—the World Champion Boston Celtics.

It is seven o'clock, and the real Celtics are at once celebrating the official end of summer and dreading the transition from champions to defending champions. No NBA team has successfully defended a title since the 1969 Celtics, so this last night of liberty is to be cherished. But not by Larry Bird, who can't wait until morning.

His premature appearance in the Hellenic College gym, calculated, as always, to be as unobtrusive as possible, is, as always, anything but. The pair of worn sweat pants, the navy-blue sweat shirt and the blue baseball cap bearing the inscription WEST BADEN POLICE that is pulled down over his straw-blond hair (but not his blue eyes) fail to mask Bird's true, 6′ 9″, ultra-white identity. There is a palpable skip in *continued*



Bird may suffer from "white man's disease," but his good positioning is a great equalizer.



GIFTS THAT GOD DIDN'T GIVE

Larry Bird was blessed with his height, but lots of work made him the NBA's most complete player since Oscar Robertson

by JOHN PAPANEK



While Bird isn't known as a leaper, with this rejection notice he snuffed a sky hook in Kareem's face

the beat of the practice when everyone realizes he is in the gym. All the would-be Celtics nod to him in careful reverence, and what they are thinking shows even more clearly now that *he* is here. Bird knows what they're thinking, but he wants them all to relax. He recognizes his responsibility to them, even though most will never get to play on his team.

"You guys gettin' your asses beat again?" he calls out in his southern-Hoosier twang as he sits down next to some rookies. The tension eases, and the players go even harder as Bird calls out encouragement across the gym from where Coach Bill Fitch has been hollering commands all evening. Bird salts his Herb Shriner Hoosierisms with a dash of Redd Foxx vulgarity and the players love it. Bird is a champion. He has proved it. But more than that, he is what the Creator had in mind when he invented the teammate. For this moment—and for this moment only—all the rookies and free agents and Larry Bird are one. Celtics. Eight minds cry out at once: "Please grant me the chance to play with Larry Bird!"

When the court clears and everyone leaves the gym, Bird ventures onto the floor, alone with a basketball and a goal to shoot at—a creature in his natural habitat if ever there was one.

He begins his routine by setting the ball down by his feet—*lovingly*, if that is possible—and then jumping rope vigorously for five minutes to warm up. When he finishes, he bends down to the ball, but instead of picking it up he gives it a hard slap and it springs to life, leaping up to Bird's hand like an eager pet. He never holds it, just begins striding briskly downcourt while the bouncing ball weaves itself intricately in and out of his legs. He quickens his pace from a walk to a jog, from a jog to a run—stopping, starting, darting, spinning. The basketball is his dancing partner, never causing Bird to reach for it or to break stride in any way. When Bird begins to feel loose, he flings the ball against a wall and back it comes, in rhythm. Off a door, off a chair . . . the ball seems to be at the end of a rubber band attached to his right hand.

Now he finds himself making layups, 10 with his right hand, 10 with his left. No misses. Then hooks from eight feet: 10 and 10, no misses. He backs away along the right baseline for 15-foot jump shots. He misses three in a row, and for the first time the ball goes its own way and Bird has to chase it. When he catches up with it, he flings it, a little bit angrily now, off a wall or a section of bleachers. Once, when he has to go way into a corner of the gym for the ball, he spots a small trampoline lying on its side. *Thwang*—he hurls the ball into the netting and it shoots back to him. A new game. He passes into the trampoline 25 or 30 times, harder each time, until the ball is a blur flying back and forth, powered by nothing but flicks of his wrists.

He catches the last pass from the trampoline, spins and shoots from 35 feet—



Auerbach maintains that Bird passes the ball better than any big man ever. "This guy is unique."



Fitch calls Bird "Kodak" because "his mind is constantly taking pictures of the whole court."

and the ball hits nothing but net. Three points. Not only is the shot true, but the ball hits the floor with perfect spin and, bouncing twice, comes right into his hands at 15-foot range on the left baseline. With his body perfectly squared to the basket, the fingers of his right hand spread behind the ball, the left hand guiding the launch, he makes another jump shot. He moves three steps to his right and the ball is there—as expected—and he swishes another. He continues to move "around the world" all the way back to the right baseline, making 10 15-footers without a miss and without reaching for the ball. It is always there to meet him at the next spot. Then he goes back the other way and never misses. From 20 feet he makes 16 of 20, and then he begins all over again, running up and down, dribbling the ball between and around his legs, heaving it off a wall every now and then, putting it down for the jump rope, then calling it back into action.

After two hours of this, Bird shrugs off a suggestion that his performance has been slightly short of incredible. "Nah, I was really rusty," he says. "I've missed it. Being out there all alone . . . I've always liked it best that way. At midnight, like that, when it's really quiet, or early in the morning when there's nobody else around."

If Bill Russell symbolized the Boston Celtic ideal of humility, teamwork and excellence through 11 championship seasons, the torch was passed to John Havlicek, then Dave Cowens and now to 24-year-old Larry Joe Bird. Bird, in fact, carries humility to an extreme. He spurns publicity (and untold thousands of dollars) and doesn't enjoy sharing with strangers his innermost—or, for that matter, outermost—feelings. To some, he is every bit what he calls himself—"Just a hick from French Lick." He went through most of his senior season at Indiana State without talking to print reporters because, he explained, he wanted his teammates to get publicity, too. "When Larry makes up his mind to do something, nothing can change it," a Celtic official says. That intense resolve goes a long way toward explaining Larry Bird. "How do you differentiate the great athletes from the good ones?" asks Cowens, sitting in his athletic director's chair at Regis College in Weston, Mass. "It's a savvy, or something. Larry's got it. Something mental that other players with more physical talent don't have. If I were starting a basketball team, I'd look for a great center, but if I couldn't find a great one, I'd take Larry Bird."

Dave Cowens says: "If I were starting a team and couldn't find a great center, I'd take Larry Bird."

The image of the dummy, the hick, is one more thing that Bird uses to his advantage, like his jump shot or, more to the point, his head-fake. "Like I tell people," he says, "I'm not the smartest guy in life, but on a basketball court I consider myself an A plus. Not that I'm dumb. I can keep up with 90 percent of the people in this world. I just don't explain myself to people. I want to keep 'em guessing. The way they take me is the way they take me."

This is the way to take Bird: He is the most *complete* basketball player to come along since Oscar Robertson. Bird may not be the best player—at least he doesn't think he is—but no one playing the game today can do as many different things on a court as well as Larry Bird. The year before he joined the Celtics, 1978-79, the team won 29 games, lost 53 and finished last in the NBA's Atlantic Division with the second-worst record in the league. In that season, Bird, averaging 28.6 points and 14.9 rebounds, led Indiana State from obscurity to 33 straight victories and the NCAA finals. In 1979-80, his NBA Rookie of the Year season, Bird averaged 21.3 points, 10.4 rebounds and 4.5 assists; led the Celtics to the NBA's *best* record (61–29); *continued*



and carried them to the Eastern Conference playoff finals, which they lost to Philadelphia. Last year Bird averaged 21.2 points (he scored four fewer points than in 1979-80 over the 82-game season); upped his rebounding average to 10.9 and his assists to 5.5; led the Celtics to a 62–20 record, tying them with the 76ers for best in the NBA, and then averaged 21.9 points, 14 rebounds and six assists in the playoffs as Boston won its 14th NBA championship. Bird finished second to Philadelphia's Julius Erving in the balloting for the league's most valuable player.

When you thumb through basketball history to find the one player who could score, rebound, pass, play defense, lead a team and—this is Bird's greatest gift—see the court better than all others, your finger stops first at Robertson, the great guard for the Cincinnati Royals and later the Milwaukee Bucks. But then it continues, past Havlicek, past Rick Barry, past Erving, past Jerry West, past Earvin (Magic) Johnson even, and comes to rest at Larry Bird.

At 6'9", Bird, who plays forward, is four inches taller than Robertson, but height would seem to be Bird's only natural advantage over Robertson or anyone else for that matter. Bird looks like a soft, fleshy adolescent. He is slow as NBA players go, and in the words of an NBA scout—not the only one who thought Bird would be a mediocre pro—he suffers from "white man's disease." That is, he can't jump. How, then, can Bird be so great? "I would say my vision, my court awareness and my height are God-given," Bird says. "Everything else I've worked my ass off for."

Work—at least work on a basketball court—is what Bird loves. It has been that way ever since he was old enough to dribble a basketball up and down the hilly streets to the playgrounds of French Lick, Ind. Because his two older brothers, Mark and Mike, generally dominated the ball and the neighborhood games, Larry had to wait his turn. And when he got the ball—late at night or early in the morning, when no one else wanted to play—he would usually take it to the park by the old high school and work by himself for hours on end, just as he does now. Nothing else mattered to him but mastery of the ball and the game to which it belonged. When Bird gets into a game with four other players, his greatest gift—his court awareness—makes that unit work. He performs as though he not only sees everything as it develops, but also as though he sees everything *before* it develops.

"Larry is the best passing big man I've ever seen," says Celtics President Red Auerbach, who coached nine NBA championship Celtic teams and has been around the NBA since 1946. "Barry was damn good, but he wasn't in a class with Bird. This guy is unique. He's like a Bob Cousy up front, and Cousy, without question, was the greatest passer who ever played the game. Larry will probably go down in history as one of the great forwards of all time, if not the greatest."

Says Havlicek, "What Larry does doesn't surprise me because our minds think alike. When I watch a game I know what *should* be done, but 99 percent of the time it isn't. When Larry's in there, 99 percent of the time it is." Says Bird: "When my teammates get open I hope to God I can get 'em the ball. If you don't get 'em the ball, you'll tell 'em you seen 'em but it was too late. I don't know how many times last year I'd cut right down the middle and [Cedric] Maxwell would pass the ball a second before I was open. And he'd come right to me and say, 'My fault. I missed you.' It just carries over. And I know I might have started that. When you get that going, it means that everybody's always looking for the open man, and that's all they care about. The other teams better watch out."

What most impresses the people who know Bird—from his few new friends in Boston, to those in Terre Haute, where Indiana State is located, to the French Lickers who have known him since he was an itty-bitty thing with a basketball under his arm—is that *nothing* has changed him. Not the celebrity. Not the money—$650,000 per year. Nothing. The quintessential team player in the quintessential team game still wears blue jeans and baseball caps, and he still derives a third of his pleasure from being alone with a basketball and a goal to shoot at. Another third comes from being part of a team. "I've never known another player who is so loyal," says Celtic Kevin McHale. "If you're Larry's teammate, you're one of the most important people in the world to him." The rest of his pleasure comes from winning, mowing his lawn, drinking beer, hunting squirrels, fishing, playing golf, and being with

continued



Bird sets a pick on agent Woolf and his son Gary, leaving Tiffany Woolf with a clear shot

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Poor form, Larry. Get those hands up higher.

friends and family. Those who know Bird have a saying. "That's Larry." And they always say it smiling.

"If I say Larry Bird is the best player," Celtic Guard Tiny Archibald comments, "people say, 'He's on your team, that's why you're saying that.' I still say he's the best *all-around* player. He does more things for us than any other player does for his team." Other Celtics echo Archibald's sentiments. Chris Ford: "Larry is a living textbook of basketball." Fitch: "I call him 'Kodak' because his mind is constantly taking pictures of the whole court."

Bird used to crawl into the nearest corner when people said such things about him. He would look down at his feet and, without thinking, mumble whatever words came first—anything to get these stupid questions over with and let's play ball. But during last year's playoffs Bird was the Celtics' most eloquent spokesman—after Fitch.

Bird doesn't receive star treatment on the Celtics—"That's the way I like it, too,"—and always heaps praise upon his teammates: "If it weren't for Tiny, for Max, for Robert Parish ... you know, I could be out there but we wouldn't have won anything." They, in turn, heap praise upon Bird. Archibald says, "Guys appreciate his talent and what he sacrifices. We know he's the main focus on the team, but everybody on the team likes him because he's just Larry."

There is, however, another side of Larry Bird. When he gets loose, has a few beers and gets himself into comfortable company, he'll sit back, look up rather than down, his blue eyes sparkling and his face shining like a little boy's, and suddenly his Hoosier voice will become musical and full of confidence in his own marvelous talent.

"There are a lot of good players in the league," he'll say. "And on any given night any player can get hot and do anything he wants to. Some guys are very consistent and some guys are just great, but there are probably about 20 guys up there all the time. Now, I figure three out of four nights I'm going to play better than anybody else in the game. If you want to know who the best player in the league is, I'll put my money night after night on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. He's the best. After him I'd probably take Julius Erving. And then, when it comes to a player who can do everything consistently, you'd have to say Elvin Hayes. There are just so many good players."

Bird is reminded of a stretch in the middle of last season when the Celtics won 25 of 26 games. "O.K.," he says. "I was playing great basketball for about a month. I reached my potential. For one stretch there, I was averaging about 28 points, 14 or 15 rebounds and seven assists. I felt like I had control of every game I played." But then came a nasty injury—one of Darryl Dawkins' massive knees caught one of Bird's comparatively delicate pink thighs just before the All-Star Game, and Bird's thigh turned ugly purple for two weeks.

"I've been hurt before, but I never had pain through my leg and back like that," Bird says. "It felt like my hip came out through my ear. And Darryl didn't even know he hit me! A while later I see him and he says, 'I'm sorry, Larry. I thought I felt something against my leg that night. I read in the paper the next morning that I hit you.' I never did get it back until the playoffs."

Bird didn't miss a game, though. Never has, college or pro. And when he "got it back," it was just in time to beat Dawkins and archrival Philadelphia in the regular season's final game. That win gave Boston a bye in the first round of the playoffs and Bird a week to let his bruised thigh heal.

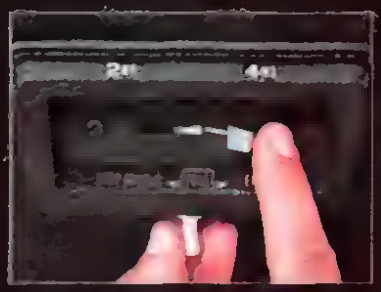
Boston's first playoff opponent was red-hot Chicago—which had won 15 of 17, including a two-game sweep of the Knicks in a mini-series—and the Celtics dispatched the Bulls in four straight. "I made the best shot of my life in that series," Bird says. "Fourth game, tied up, their place, time out just before the fourth quarter and they got about 20,000 fans just going nuts. Coach Fitch says, 'Let's do something to quiet this crowd down.' We threw the ball in, messed around with it for a while, I made a three-pointer, then stole the ball, went back, laid it in ... We went up five within 40 seconds. I mean, that crowd just went 'Whoooo!' Stopped. From then on it was over."

After that it was Philadelphia again, and Boston's miracle comeback: Down three games to one, the Celtics rallied from six points behind with 1:51 to play to win Game 5; rallied from 17 points behind to win Game 6 at the Spectrum, then rallied from seven points behind in the closing minutes to outscore the 76ers 9–1 and win Game 7—and the series—91–90. In the final moments of that Game 7 Bird made two key steals, a couple of free throws, a crucial rebound, swatted a *layup* into Erving's face, then canned the winning basket on a 12-foot bank shot. "I wanted the ball in my hands for that last shot," Bird said after the game. "Not in anybody else's hands in the world."

The championship series against Houston was supposed to be a formality, but the Rockets extended the Celtics to six games. In Game 1, Bird executed a play that Auerbach called "the greatest I've ever seen." He grabbed the rebound after his own missed 18-footer from the right wing, shifted the ball from his right hand to his left in midair and banked it in as he went sprawling across the baseline. In Game 6 the Rockets came from 17 points down in the fourth period to pull within three with 1:51 left. Bird caught a pass from Archibald and, just as calmly

continued

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as if he were all alone in a gym at midnight on the first of October, hurled in a three-pointer that put away the championship. "I didn't even know it was a three-pointer," Bird says now. "I caught the ball in shooting position, nobody was around, I just released it. Heck, when I'm open like that for a shot I usually feel like I *can't* miss it. And when I have a shot like that to get us a game [in this case, a championship], I got to take it because I know I have an excellent chance of making it."

Can Bird feel when a shot is going to go in? And when it's not? "I used to in college, not anymore," he says. "For one thing, I don't like the basketball they use in the NBA. The seams on the pro ball are wider than those on the college ball. In college I never had to worry about anybody blocking my shot. I could take my time. The defense is so much better in the pros. I always have somebody like Bobby Jones to worry about. You can never fake them out. You just have to make your move and shoot it quick. In college I followed my shot a lot. In the pros you can't afford to. If you follow your shot, you get burned at the other end. And there's one other thing . . ."

Bird laughs a little bit and holds up his right index finger. "This," he says. The finger is shaped much like a boomerang, permanently bent toward his thumb at a 45-degree angle. Two operations have failed to straighten it; he can bend it only halfway to his palm. "I didn't have this in college," he says. He broke it playing softball the summer before his rookie year, trying to catch a wicked line drive off the bat of his brother Mike. 'Mike hit a shot that knuckled like nothing I ever seen and that sucker hit my finger and I dropped it. So I picked it up and threw to second base, only the ball tailed up and away and clear over the second baseman, and Mike went all the way to third base laughing like anything. I had to laugh, too, because I didn't know why the ball did that until I looked down at my hand and saw my finger broken at about a 90-degree angle."

How great a baseball player would Mickey Mantle have been if he hadn't torn up his knee early in his career? One wonders what kind of shooter Bird would be now if he had a straight finger.

"That's what Red was telling me when I was trying to sign," Bird says.



When Bird talks, his Celtic teammates listen.

Larry Bird was born in French Lick on Pearl Harbor Day, 1956, and he'd just as soon let the personal stuff go at that. The folks in the beautiful old hillside resort town honored their favorite son by renaming Monon Street as Larry Bird Boulevard, and they acknowledge the fact that Georgia Bird had to work all her life to raise her daughter Linda, 26, and five sons, Mike, 29; Mark, 28; Larry, Jeff, 17, and Eddie, 14. (Larry's father and mother were divorced in Larry's junior year in high school; his father committed suicide about a year later.) But they don't say much else. Close friends have been conditioned to say nothing more. Larry is a town treasure, and even though the townspeople would love to use his fame for their own fortune, as their elders once used the famous mineral springs to attract the cream of American society, they refrain. "I could tell some stories about some real nice things Larry has done but I wouldn't unless Larry said it was O.K.," says one close family friend. Another, a restaurateur, has thought of how his business would improve if he renamed his place "The Bird's Nest," but he knows Larry wouldn't go for it. "I'll say this much," the man says, "you won't find a finer person than Larry. He hasn't changed one little bit. He comes back here in the summer every year and doesn't want anyone to know he's around except his closest friends."

Mrs. Bird isn't working at the moment, and has been troubled with blood clots in her legs. She has worked in just about every restaurant in town and several of the factories. Her most recent job was as a dietary supervisor at a local nursing home. If you think the mother of a basketball millionaire shouldn't have to work, you don't think the way the Birds do.

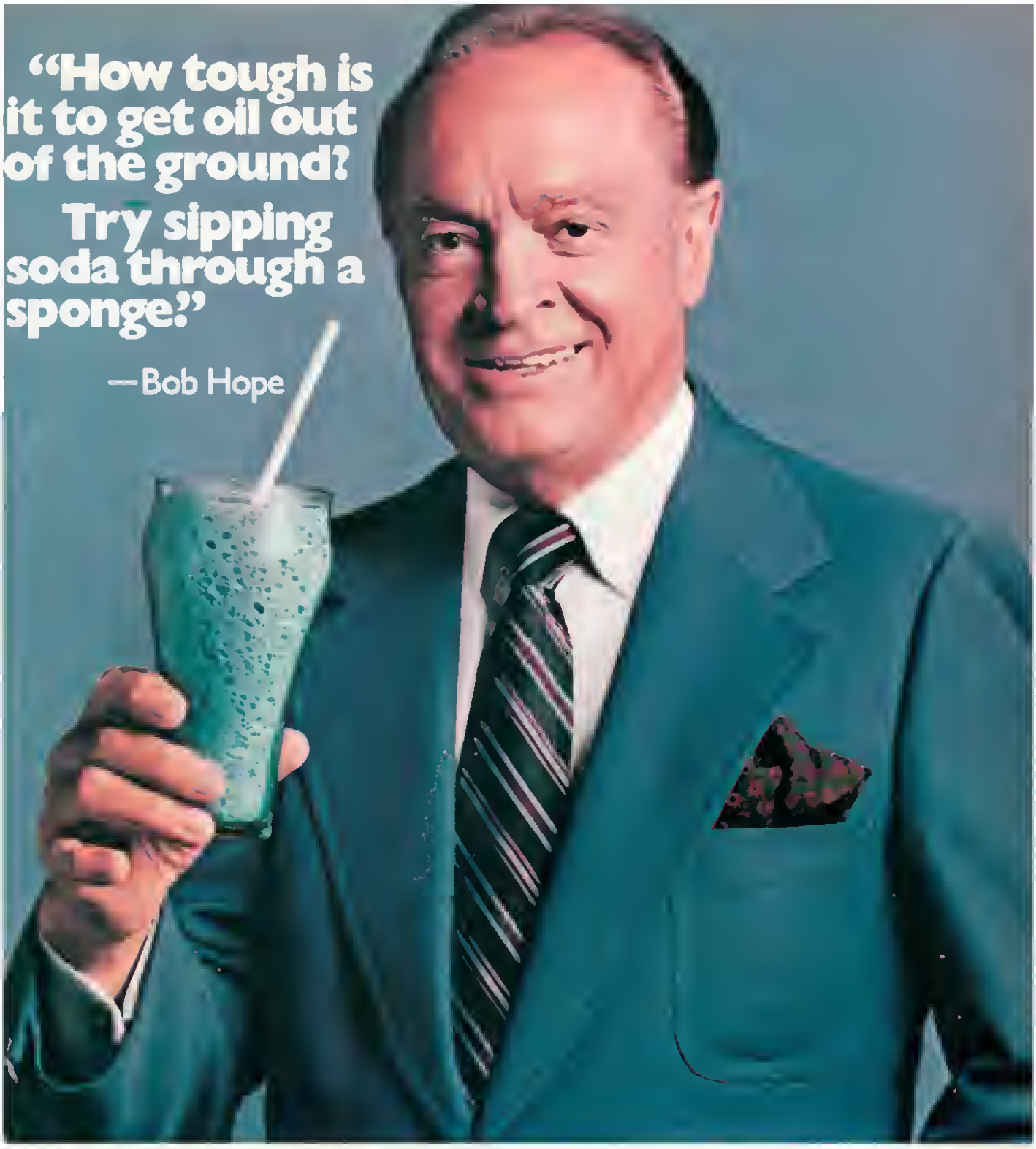
"Larry thinks I should work," she says. "He believes everyone should work. That's how he got to be such a good player. My kids were made fun of for the way they dressed. Neighbor boys had basketballs or bikes. My kids had to share a basketball. A friend of Larry's would say, 'If you can outrun me down to the post office, you can ride my bike for 10 minutes.' Larry used to run his tail-end off."

Now that Larry has made it, Mrs. Bird says she has never had it so good. The only thing she'd like is a new home. "Just once I'd like to have one without scratches in the wall or a warped door," she says. But that's easier said than done. There was a house she would like to have had—which a friend had passed up for $55,000. Mrs. Bird called a broker to inquire about it, and said her son Larry would be home soon to look it over. Suddenly the price jumped to $80,000. When Larry heard about it, he told his mother, "If that's the way it's gonna be, Mom, forget it. We ain't gonna pay more just because I'm a ballplayer."

"That's Larry," Mrs. Bird says with equal measures of parental pride and puzzlement.

For Bird, the pain of public exposure has been great from the beginning, when all he wanted to do was play ball. He didn't know what to make of the college recruiters who came to town. No sooner had he checked into Indiana University in 1974 than he checked right out. Same thing at Northwood Institute in West Baden, Ind., a few months later. In his first 18 years Bird never was farther than 40 miles away from French Lick for more than a weekend.

continued



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When Bird finally found himself a home at Indiana State in 1975, it was only through the persistence of Bill Hodges, the assistant basketball coach who would become ISU's head coach in Bird's senior season. "If it wasn't for Coach Hodges, who knows what I'd be doing today?" says Bird.

"He'd probably be a bum," says a *French Lick friend, "pumping gas or* working in the Kimball piano factory like the other boys."

Bird never considered that basketball was something he could excel at and make his living from. "I didn't care either," he says. "I was one of those guys that never looked ahead. When I was younger I played for the fun of it, like any other kid. I just don't know what kept me going and going and going. I remember we used to practice in the gym in high school, then, on the way home, we'd stop and play on the playgrounds until eight o'clock. I played when I was cold and my body was aching and I was so tired . . . and I don't know why. I just kept playing and playing. I didn't know I was going to college until I was there. I never thought about pro basketball until I got there. Now that I am there, I want to make the most out of it that I can. I guess I always wanted to make the most out of it. I just never knew it."

Bird takes for granted that one doesn't think he's just talking about money. "The way I live, I'd be happy making ten or twelve thousand a year," he says. But his agent, Bob Woolf, thinks in other terms. In his office on the 45th floor of Boston's Prudential Tower, Woolf has one entire rolling file cabinet filled with Larry Bird business. *Woolf, a prominent sports attorney and meticulous keeper of scraps of* paper and lists, pulls out the hotel bill from Larry's first visit to Boston. "Look at this," he says. "Three nights. Nothing but room and tax. Not a room service charge. Not a phone call."

The chance for Woolf to represent this most prized client came after a bizarre series of meetings set up by a committee of Terre Haute businessmen who "adopted" Bird, and still advise him on his finances. They reduced a list of three final candidates to Woolf after an eight-hour session. When Woolf met Bird over a dinner with the businessmen, he did his best to impress. Woolf wanted everyone to know what he thought Bird was worth, and he shared his insider's knowledge of salaries of basketball, football and baseball players. Woolf mentioned Tommy John of the Yankees, who happens to be a native of Terre Haute. The men on the committee blurted, "Yeah! How much does Tommy make?"

Woolf was about to divulge the numbers when Bird piped up for the first time: "*Hey, please, Mr. Woolf. Tommy* John's a friend of mine. I don't want to know how much he makes."

ing to see what kind of money he'll draw on the open market. He could become the highest-paid athlete in the world! Certainly in the NBA."

Woolf has served as a surrogate father to Bird. When Bird bought a home in the Boston area, he purchased one right next door to Woolf's in Brookline, just two minutes from the Celtics' practice site at *Hellenic College. Last summer Bird* bought a place on Cape Cod—right across the street from Woolf's. But now



Larry and his NCAA finalist Indiana State mates left their mark on French Lick's Kimball Park.

Woolf keeps a list that chronicles hundreds of calls from people who want something from Bird, beyond the usual bank and shopping center openings. Mary Hickey, age 23, wanted to have lunch with Larry; the *Boston Herald American* wanted him for an article on Boston's most eligible bachelors; Bob Hope's people called; Ted Kennedy's people called; *Sesame Street* called; the Opera Company of Boston called. No, no, no, Bird said. Then there was the man who stole the hubcaps from Bird's Ford Bronco, found out whose hubcaps they were—and returned them. Bird sent him tickets to a game. He did a tacky TV commercial for Chardon jeans—Why not? Free pants!—and a commercial for McDonald's McChicken sandwich.

Woolf, meanwhile, waits for June 1984, when Bird's five-year, $3.25 million contract expires. "The Celtics dare not call one day before then, offering an extension," Woolf says, "because I'm dy-

that Bird feels a bit more comfortable in the limelight, he no longer hides behind Woolf. Still, his reverence for home, family and charity hasn't changed. He mostly stays out of Boston, preferring the sanctuary of his house, which he shares with a *3-year-old Doberman named Klinger* and a longtime girl friend named Dinah Mattingly. He tends to his lawn and apple trees obsessively. His friends are chosen with caution; sometimes, Bird admits, too much caution.

"I'm not really shy, but it depends on what situation I'm in," he says. "I used to be real bad. I'm not the kind of person to go up and shake hands with somebody, because I'm in a situation where everybody wants to be my friend. I guess I miss out sometimes. I'm just accustomed to a small environment. When I was young, I was never around more than five or ten people at once."

Almost without exception, those people whom Bird has allowed to get close to

continued

him treasure his loyalty. He's great with children; for them, he will indulge himself in situations in which he wouldn't give an adult the time of day. His two summer camps—one in French Lick, the other in the Boston area—are strictly labors of love.

Bird's favorite camp was the one he ran at his old high school, Springs Valley, immediately after last season's playoffs. "I had 260 kids and did I have a blast with them," he says. "The kids are like . . . like you *own* 'em. I had to baby-sit 'em, put 'em to bed, talk to their parents on the phone. It was the first time most of them were ever away from home." The younger the children were, the more fun Bird had with them. One day he was a sight—going one-on-five against 7- and 8-year-olds whose flailing arms could barely reach Bird's beltline. Still, somehow the little ones managed to win. "This ain't fair," Bird yelled. "I need help." So he grabbed another tyke, tucked him under his left arm and dribbled around while six small boys squealed in ecstatic laughter.

"Larry, you really ought to bring the media in here. Let them see how you play with these kids," said a friend who was looking on.

"Never," said Bird. And that was that.

He supplied entire teams of French Lick youngsters with clothing and equipment. And he also has—though he would rather not have it known—a compelling affinity for the physically handicapped. "He's got an incredible memory," Woolf says. "If I told him something a year ago and change one word today, he'll catch me. He'll play a golf course once and memorize the location of every tree. I can go to a game and swear that Larry never saw me, and days later he'll tell me in which section I was sitting, who I was talking to, what I was wearing."

Woolf recalls that when a *Today* show crew came to tape a segment on Bird shortly after last May's playoffs, they wanted to show Larry watching a replay of the championship game against Houston. They threw the videotape on at a random point in the game and Woolf asked Bird if he could tell what part of the game was showing.

"Fourth quarter, 5:40 left," said Bird.

"How can you possibly be that precise?" Woolf asked. There had been no commentary and no score flashed.

"The song," Bird said.

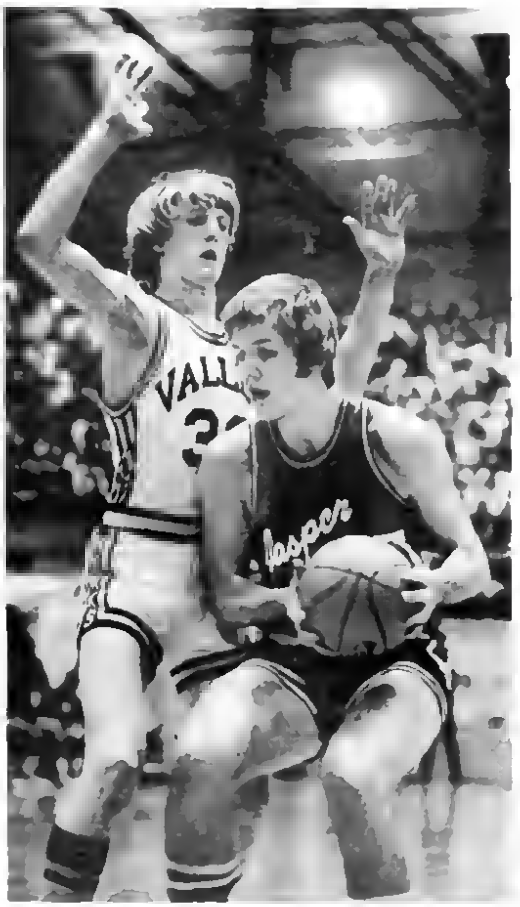
"The song?" Woolf said.

"That fight song. That's the last time they played it. They played it three times during the game. This is the last time because the crowd is going nuts. Houston came from 17 down and there's about 5:40 left."

"You mean you were aware of the *song*?" Woolf asked incredulously.

"I was *there*, wasn't I?" Bird asked.

"I was there, too, but I don't remember any song," Woolf said. "And I wasn't playing."



Larry practiced his work ethic for Springs Valley High School.

Bird chuckled and went on watching the tape. He proceeded to call each play in perfect detail, about five seconds before it appeared on the tape.

"Larry's not subject to the normal persuasions," Woolf says. "He doesn't react to things the way normal people do."

But he did last spring. Four days after the Celtics won their championship, the financially beleaguered city of Boston turned out en masse to honor its team. Bird told a cheering crowd on City Hall Plaza, "I spent ten minutes in the Mayor's office with all these people going around getting autographs, and now I know why Boston is going bankrupt."

There was some nervous laughter, but Bird wasn't finished. Someone in the crowd held up a sign that made a scatological reference to Moses Malone, the Houston center. Bird spotted it and announced to the throng, "I think, after all the hollering and screaming, I look out in the crowd and see one thing that typifies our season. Moses does eat ——!"

Bird later apologized to those he offended, including Malone, but it never occurred to him that the remark would be offensive. "That's me," he says with an impish grin. "I've said a lot of things I wished I never had, but hey, that's me. I'll do a lot more before I get older. There's nothing I can do about it once I've done it. What people think of me could hurt a little if they think bad. I'm sure there are people in this world who hate me, but there are a lot who love me. I'm just me. I try to be honest.

"Like I told this friend of mine in Terre Haute before I came into the pros: 'One of these days I'll be the best basketball player in the NBA.' I was with the guy last June after it was announced that Julius Erving won the MVP. First thing this guy says to me is, 'Well, hell! You lied to me again! You been in the league two years already and you haven't even come close.' I said, 'Well, maybe this year.'"

That's Larry. END



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On The Scene

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE FISHERMEN DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT FLIES WOULD WORK, BUT THE FISH BIT

It began as an ice skating trip to a high lake in the Cascades in southern Oregon. But before I had even parked the car, I noticed the ice fishermen, and on the way to the skate-rental shed I stopped to see how they were doing. "Go on and get started," I said to the two friends who were with me. "I'll be along in a while."

"If you stop to watch, you'll never get skating," one of them answered.

"Sure I will. I don't even have any tackle in the car."

"You'll figure something out."

"Go on," I said. "I'll be along in a minute or two. Five or 10 anyway."

Of course, they were right. It had been 15 years since I had last skated, so another day certainly wouldn't matter. And I saw at once that the ice fishermen were doing very well. There were about a dozen of them, in an area less than half the size of a basketball court. Six-inch holes had been chopped through the ice, and numerous kokanee salmon and brook trout lay scattered about them. The kokanee were eight- to 10-inch fish, dark and thin, apparently close to spawning, but the brook trout were fat and beautifully marked, some of them as large as 16 inches.

I wandered around, looked at the fish, asked a few questions. Everyone was using bait—worms, marshmallows, cheese, salmon eggs—and everyone agreed that it was possible to catch the limit of 10 fish within 45 minutes or an hour.

A quick search of the car's trunk produced all that I would need—some scraps of leader ranging from four-pound test to eight, which, when I knotted them together, gave me a few yards of line, a tire iron and three old but still fishable steelhead flies, a Skunk, a Golden Demon and a Thor.

After about five minutes a middle-aged man in a down jacket and cowboy hat limited out and relinquished his spot. As he started toward the parking lot, he did a double take.

"You gonna fish with *that* stuff?" he asked.

"Sure. Why not?"

"Some line and a tire iron?"

"There's no need to cast here."

"But there ain't any flies hatching *now*, in *January*."

"Well, there aren't any marshmallows hatching now, either."

He shook his head and walked away.

My spot was in the middle of the other fishermen, and the first thing I did was use the tire iron to enlarge the hole in the three-inch-thick ice. With the diameter of the hole increased to more than a foot, I could see the rocky lake bottom six feet down where the fish cruised by in plain sight, usually about a foot above the rocks. My hands were shaking—not with cold, but with excitement—as I lowered the Golden Demon to them.

All the fish ignored the Golden Demon when I held it still, even when they passed within inches of it, but when I jigged the fly, each passing fish struck at it viciously. I didn't hook them all, but I hooked most of them. In fact, I was landing at least as many fish as all the bait anglers combined.

My catching fish didn't seem to bother the bait anglers as much as my releasing them did. After just a few minutes the elderly fellow nearest me came out with it:



"How come you're letting the damn things go?"

"It's more fun that way. Besides, I'm too lazy to clean them."

"Well then give 'em to *us*," demanded the cold-looking, bored-looking wife of a fisherman stationed behind me.

It was at just about this point that the fat man made a good day perfect for me. He was one of several dozen skaters who were sprinting, gliding or struggling by, often no more than 20 yards from the area we were fishing. Ankles wobbling, arms waving in desperate attempts to maintain his balance, he crashed to the ice at least once every five minutes, flat on his huge backside.

He was skating a short, irregular circle that never took him more than 50 yards away, and I noticed that each time he sat down, all the fish I could see through my hole in the ice streaked toward deeper water, apparently frightened by the vibrations sent through the lake by the fat man's bottom. Once, a large brook trout had turned and was about to inhale my jigging fly when the skater hit the ice, and the trout stopped in mid-strike, hesitated for a moment, then disappeared in a panicky flash. After each of these pratfalls there was a lull of about a minute before anyone hooked another fish.

When I noticed this correlation, I began to use it to my own advantage or, more accurately, to the disadvantage of the bait fishermen surrounding me.

I was kneeling on the ice as I jigged my Golden Demon, and during periods when there were no fish in the immediate vicinity of the fly I would hit the ice fairly hard with one of my knees every eight or 10 seconds, hoping to frighten fish away from everyone else. Of course I couldn't pound the ice with as much force as the fat man but I was much closer than he was, right on top of things, and anyway, all I wanted was a muted version of the waterquakes he was creating. The trick worked. No one noticed what I was doing, and very few fish were caught while I banged away at the ice. Whenever a fish came into my view, I stopped the banging and jigged the fly, and nearly always had a quick strike. So I caught as many fish as ever, while everyone else caught less. In little more than an hour I had landed and released dozens of kokanee and at least 15 sizable brook trout.

Not long after the fat man quit skating, I quit fishing. My knees were sore, and I was cold. It had been well worth it, though. There is no way to prove it, but I'd be willing to bet a lot that all the bait fishermen at the lake that day gave at least passing thought to learning to fish with flies.

In any case, the fat man was responsible. It was his ample end that suggested the means. END

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Reminiscence

by JIM STRAIN

THE BARE TRUTH IS THAT THE RIDES AT PARADISE RANCH WEREN'T HEAVENLY

From the opening of the chute to the instant I get bucked off the horse is 23 frames on the 8-mm. film. It's another 13 frames before I hit the ground, and getting up requires 49 more. In all, the grainy sequence shot by my father with his trusty Bell & Howell lasts less than five seconds.

It was my worst ride. But that snippet of movie film is the only record of my brief career as a bareback bronc rider, and, despite my performance, it documents an occasion I recall with curious satisfaction—the Paradise Ranch Rodeo.

Located in Woodland Park, Colo., Paradise Ranch existed for tourists, not livestock. From mid-June to mid-September it staged weekly rodeos on Sunday afternoons for visitors willing to fork over the dollar admission charge. I lived nearby and, during the summer after my freshman year in college, I became a participant.

These rodeos weren't sanctioned by any official organization, but were independently run jackpot competitions in which the contestants' $5 entry fees for each event were pooled to pay the winners. Jackpots are to rodeo what sandlots are to baseball, but the Paradise Ranch rodeo was somewhat different. The reason: spectators and hoopla.

Rodeo purists would gag at the thought of the Paradise Ranch competitions, but it didn't matter to me or the tourists. They could have been Cheyenne's Frontier Days. And when I heard my name crackle from the P.A. system in official testimony that I was a bareback rider, I briefly became my own hero.

Public recognition was important to me because I first mounted a bucking horse at a near-private event arranged by my friend Randy Witte, a member of the Colorado State University rodeo team. We were casual acquaintances whose paths had crossed on a summer job. Our friendship awakened, however, during a conversation one afternoon when we discovered a common interest in rodeo. Mine had been fantasy, but Randy's had substance.

Randy rode bulls and bucking horses and let me tag along to a few Rodeo Cowboy Association events. Tolerant of my naiveté, he served as a tutor in riding technique and a benevolent adviser in the intricacies of rodeo decorum.

For example, I learned that one doesn't wear a straw cowboy hat to a winter rodeo. Only saddle broncs, not bareback horses, are to be called just "broncs." And Levi's, worn extra long in the legs, are tucked into only the inner half of the boot when one is riding.

It wasn't the world of gritty, unshaven cowhands that I had expected. Instead, rodeos were primarily populated with



athletes who, in their own idiosyncratic way, were similar to football players I had known. Most were neatly groomed, serious competitors dedicated to their sport. The more I learned of their skills and the practice required to excel, the more I appreciated them as athletes.

The sound of spurs stirred me in a way that the clatter of cleats in the locker room never did. And the boots, chaps and cowboy hat gave me a presence no sports uniform had ever bestowed—a blend of John Wayne and Mickey Mantle. The ritualistic preparation for an event was more satisfying than any pregame warmup I'd participated in. There were the customary stretching and loosening exercises, but I derived the most pleasure from preparing my equipment.

A bareback rigging is a simple slab of leather and rawhide that fits over the horse's withers. It must be no more than 10 inches wide at the hand-hold, which looks something like a suitcase handle. Bits of resin are usually crushed into the handle with the leather glove worn during rides, and I worked on this with the zeal of a kid trying to form a pocket in a new baseball mitt. The most invigorating step in preparation, however, was cinching the rigging to the horse in the chute. That was when the adrenaline began to flow.

Randy loaned me his rigging for my first ride and instructed me in its use in his backyard. He fastened it to a bale of hay, which I mounted gingerly as he explained the proper spurring technique. The spurs must remain above the shoulder of the horse through his first jump out of the chute or the rider is disqualified. Once out, the object is to determine the horse's bucking rhythm and attempt to harmonize with it a spurring motion along the shoulders which, when properly executed, is similar to a snappy breaststroke kick in swimming.

Such movement is contrary to an instinctive leg-lock on the horse's ribs, and I found it difficult to spur even Randy's hay bale properly, let alone a feisty horse with a repertoire of jumps, dips and turns. Nevertheless, I practiced conscientiously, knowing that control and rhythmic spurring were essential if I were to score well on a ride. What I overlooked was that to score at all required staying on the animal for a full eight seconds. That first ride, however, quickly reordered my priorities.

My informal initiation into bareback riding was arranged with a stockman named Ralph, who had recently acquired a spoiled saddle horse and was eager to see if he was worthy of adding to a bucking string. Ralph was a tobacco-chewing, dusty-clothed, droop-hatted piece of gristle who would have made a splendid extra in a spaghetti Western except for his folksy demeanor.

We met at an arena near Fort Collins where a calf-roping jackpot was under-

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way, and Ralph was leading an indifferent brown-and-white paint when Randy introduced us. Despite the horse's docile appearance and unusual tolerance of humans, Ralph guaranteed that the animal was a bucker.

When Randy inquired about the horse's bucking pattern, however, Ralph's reply was rather vague. He hadn't actually seen the horse buck but had heard good things about it and intended to use that afternoon's performance as the inspiration for naming the animal. All he could tell us for certain was that the horse had a reputation as a spinner. Mindful that I was a beginner, Ralph warned me not to dawdle if I was thrown into "the well," the turf around which the horse spins. I told him he needn't worry.

The horse was quiet in the chute and easily rigged, but my anticipation furnished all the excitement necessary. Randy peppered me with last-minute instructions as I finally lowered myself onto the animal. Although I had always been uneasy around horses, I felt strangely comfortable in the chute. Perhaps it was because I knew this horse couldn't race off toward a canopy of low-hanging branches to strip me from its back—an amusement our family's horse perfected on our rides in the mountains.

Mouth dry and heart pounding, I fitted my glove hand around the handle of the rigging, carefully locking my thumb tightly over the tips of my fingers. I raised my boots to the horse's shoulder height, bracing my legs on the chute. The horse remained tranquil. I nodded to Ralph and said "Outside," the cowboy equivalent of "Play ball," and the chute gate swung open. The horse hesitated, but when I brought my spurs to his shoulders, he exploded. The surge of power underneath me was unlike anything I had ever experienced. To recall it gives me chills. At that instant, everything I had tried to memorize about technique evaporated from my mind.

The horse moved straight out with a couple of jumps, then went into a spin. I hung on for maybe four or five seconds before I was thrown. I scampered away feeling electric, as if my blood had been charged with exhilaration. But for the few people present and the cowboys taking a break from their roping jackpot, my adventure hardly merited a shrug.

As for Paradise Ranch, it blended ragged showmanship with a modest but enthusiastic audience, which I suspect gathered more out of curiosity than real interest. Because the arena was located directly next to Highway 24, the Paradise Ranch rodeo provided a convenient and inexpensive detour for those hankering for a taste of the Old West. My parents attended for a different reason. They were eager to see their son, whom they'd seen only at the mercy of the family horse, riding a bucker. For the benefit of the other family skeptics not present, my father was to verify my tales as a bareback rider with his movie camera.

Unfortunately, this was before we had sound home movies, or my father would have also captured the chatter of the rodeo announcer, who spared no hyperbole in fueling the crowd's enthusiasm. According to him, this rodeo attracted the top cowhands from top spots throughout the country, including Pendleton, Oklahoma City and Cheyenne. In fact, shortly before my ride, I was introduced as a "promising young hand from *Calgary, Canada,*" which I'm sure amused my parents, with whom I lived in Denver. We top hands, of course, were there to match skills with "some of the finest killer stock in the nation."

"Killer stock," scoffed Randy, pointing to a brand on one of the bulls in the pen. "This is old Beutler Brothers stock that's been unloaded long ago." As a serious rodeo competitor, Randy was, I think, somewhat embarrassed to be associated with this carnival-like enterprise. He was there strictly to win a few bucks.

Despite the ballyhoo, for me the occasion had an aura of authenticity. Cradled in the mountains at the edge of Pike National Forest, the outdoor arena had a rough-hewn integrity, even if it did slope badly. The judging may have been suspect and the stock mediocre, but nearly all the animals bucked, and rerides were awarded when appropriate—that is, when there was a problem with the horse or the equipment and the ride didn't come off true to form. The Paradise Ranch rodeo wasn't a competition among polished athletes, but a rodeo of the folks, and, in some respects, truer to the origins of the sport than its more sophisticated counterparts. I thought it was dandy.

The rodeo began with a choppy "grand entry"—a pair of chuck wagons and a few people on horses who chased around the arena behind a rider with an American flag. They pulled into formation at the center of the arena, and the announcer played a recording of *The Star-Spangled*

continued

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Banner that popped like bacon grease over the P.A.

Bareback riding is the traditional opening event, and I had already rigged my horse in the chute. This time I used *my* rigging and *my* spurs, items recently purchased with an eye to a glorious future. Randy loaned me his chaps. The horse I had drawn was named Sorrel Top, and I was impressed with his size. I figured he was at least 16 hands high, but I was confident and eager to feel the explosion of power beneath me once more. Unfortunately, on this occasion I was blown right off the horse's back.

The film shows that I didn't even mark out—or get out of the chute in the prescribed manner. As Sorrel Top lunges from the chute, I am jolted away from the rigging and I am obviously off balance. But as he rises into his first jump outside the chute, we meet again in a single, glorious frame. Sorrel Top is arched like a rainbow with me at the crest of his back, and I appear so much in control that I once considered blowing up that single frame as a memento. However, as the film progresses and the horse lands on his front hoofs, I continue to rise along his flank. By the end of the jump much of my body is above his extended hind legs, a good eight feet off the ground. I am also spinning around backward, my grasp on the rigging long gone. I hit the turf like a runaway rolling pin and finally, reluctantly, work to my feet before the sequence abruptly ends.

"Let's hear it for him, folks," the announcer urges. "Your applause is the only pay he's gonna get today." It's a customary rodeo condolence, but the smattering of applause it elicited as I walked back to the chutes was strangely soothing. My exploit had been acknowledged.

I went back to Paradise Ranch one more time. Oddly enough, I drew Sorrel Top again and again was bucked off, though not quite as rapidly. After a few more jackpots at other places in Colorado—with no success—it became apparent that to become even modestly proficient would require more time, money, energy and practice than I was willing to devote. Rather than sell my spurs and rigging, I retired them as reminders of my experiences and the insights I had gained into the sport. To blow up that single frame of movie film as a souvenir somehow seemed dishonest. I'm content to enlarge it in my mind. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 26–Nov. 1

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

BASEBALL—The Los Angeles Dodgers defeated the New York Yankees in the World Series, four games to two (*page 28*)

PRO BASKETBALL—Detroit rookie Guard Isiah Thomas treated the opening week of the NBA season as if it were another NCAA final. In the Pistons' 118–113 win over Milwaukee, he hit a 50-foot three-pointer just before the halftime horn, sank four clinching free throws in the final 20 seconds and ended up with 31 points and 11 assists. Thomas added 28 points the following night as Detroit beat the Bulls 119–106. Another rookie, Indiana's 6' 11" Herb Williams, helped—well, sort of—keep the Pacers in a tie with Detroit for the Central Division lead. In a 96–94 victory over Chicago he was credited with the winning hoop when, with three seconds remaining, Bull Guard Ricky Sobers accidentally deflected into his own basket a lob-pass intended for Williams. San Antonio, paced by George Gervin's 62 points, won twice, 113–102 over the Kings and 145–120 over Denver, to assume the Midwest Division lead, while Philadelphia and Portland, also each 2–0, took first place in the Atlantic and Pacific divisions, respectively.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH defeated Gil Sliker 200–192 to win the $90,000 Lansing (Mich.) Open.

PRO FOOTBALL—While Dallas was beating the Eagles 17–14 to move into a first-place deadlock with Philly in the NFC East (*page 24*), the Chargers were defeating Kansas City 22–20 to tie the Chiefs for the AFC West lead. After Nick Lowery's 32-yard field goal with 6:32 remaining had put K.C. ahead 20–19, *Rolf Benirschke booted a 22-yarder with 13 seconds* to go to give San Diego the win. Cincinnati, which had shared first in the AFC Central with Pittsburgh, took sole possession of it with a 34–21 victory over the Oilers. Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson completed 21 of 30 passes for 281 yards and three touchdowns and the Cincinnati defense intercepted three Ken Stabler passes before knocking him out of the game completely with an injured left wrist. The Steelers' 26–13 winners over Houston on Monday night, lost 17–14 to the NFC West-leading 49ers when San Francisco's Walter Easley ran one yard for a fourth-quarter TD. S.F. had turned two of Pittsburgh's six turnovers into 10 points in a 29-second span shortly before halftime. Steve Bartkowski threw scoring passes of 47, 48 and 60 yards to Alfred Jenkins to lead Atlanta over the Saints 41–10, and Buffalo's Joe Ferguson did much the same thing, hitting Joe Cribbs for TDs of 15, 58 and 60 yards in the Bills' 22–13 victory over Cleveland. Miami remained one-half game ahead of Buffalo in the AFC East race by handing Baltimore its eighth straight loss—the Colts' longest losing streak since 1954—27–10. In other games, the Rams beat Detroit 20–13, the Jets upset the Giants 26–7, Washington routed St. Louis 42–21, the Raiders defeated New England 27–17, Tampa Bay beat Chicago 20–10 and the Packers won 34–24 over the Seahawks.

HOCKEY—Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky found both pain and profit on a visit to New York. On Tuesday night, in the Islanders' 4–3 win over his Smythe Division-leading Oilers, he was chopped down behind the New York net by Samurai Goalie Billy Smith, whose slashing stickwork sent Gretzky to the bench for the entire final period. But the next day he responded with two goals and two assists in Edmonton's 5–3 victory over the Rangers and found the Oilers willing to raise his annual salary to a reported $750,000. He subsequently took over the NHL scoring lead (27 points) from Quebec's Real Cloutier (23) as well, by putting in four goals in an 11–4 rout of the Nordiques. The Islanders took over first place in the Patrick Division from Philadelphia with a 2–1 triumph over the Adams Division-leading Canadiens, who, with a 6–0–4 record, had been the league's last remaining unbeaten team. Earlier in the week the Flyers had lost 11–2 in Montreal, where Philly has won only twice in its last 16 tries. The 11 goals were the most ever allowed by Philadelphia in a road game. While Minnesota extended its Norris Division lead to four points over Winnipeg by beating Calgary 6–1 and Detroit 5–4, poor Washington (*page 75*) was proving to be unrivaled as the league's worst entry. Three losses during the week gave the Caps 10 defeats in a row and a 1–11 record.

HORSE RACING—STALWART ($61), Chris McCarron up, won the $234,650 Norfolk Stakes at Santa Anita by three-quarters of a length over Racing Is Fun. The 2-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles in a time of 1:42⅕.

SNOW PLOW ($19.60), ridden by Jack Kaenel, defeated Ambassador of Luck by 2¼ lengths in the $210,835 Selima Stakes at Laurel Race Course. The 2-year-old filly's time for the 1⅛ miles was 1:46⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRELL WALTRIP drove his Buick to a one-half car-length victory over Bobby Allison also in a Buick, in the $196,400 American 500 at North Carolina Motor Speedway in Rockingham. He averaged 107.399 mph around the 1-mile banked-oval track.

TOM SNEVA, averaging 112.266 mph in his March Cosworth, beat Bobby Unser, in a Penske Cosworth, by less than a car length in a $180,000, 150-mile Indy-car race on the one-mile oval at Phoenix International Raceway.

TENNIS—VINCENT VAN PATTEN defeated Mark Edmondson 6–2, 3–6, 6–3 to win a $300,000 tournament in Tokyo.

TRACY AUSTIN won a $125,000 tournament in Stuttgart, West Germany, beating Martina Navratilova 4–6, 6–3, 6–4.

MILEPOSTS—SOLD: The PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES, by owner Ruly Carpenter for $30.175 million, a record amount for a baseball franchise, to a group of five investors headed by Phillies Executive Vice-President Bill Giles. The National League still must approve the deal.

DIED: PETE REISER, 62, former major league outfielder whose .343 average with Brooklyn in 1941 made him the youngest (22) National League batting champ ever; of a respiratory illness, in Palm Springs, Calif. A .295 hitter in 10 seasons with the Dodgers, Braves, Pirates and Indians, Reiser was most brilliant in his first three full seasons. Thereafter his performance fell off because of injuries sustained in frequent crashes with outfield walls.

Former world lightweight boxing champion (1940–41) LEW JENKINS, 64, who was 65–39–5 in a pro career extending from 1934 until 1950, of cardiac disease in Oakland, Calif.

CREDITS

4—Andrew D. Bernstein. **28**—Walter Iooss Jr. **29**—John Iacono. **30,31**—Manny Millan (top left), John Iacono (bottom right), Heinz Kluetmeier (3). **32,33**—Ronald C. Modra. **34,35**—Tony Tomsic (bottom right), Ronald C. Modra (2). **42**—George Tiedemann. **48,49**—Walter Iooss Jr. (left), Peter Read Miller. **60,61**—Paul Kennady (top right), Heinz Kluetmeier (2). **82**—Manny Rubio. **76,76**—Jerry Wachtar. **76,80**—George Tiedemann. **82,83**—Richard Mackson. **84**—Peter Read Miller. **85**—Dick Raphael (top), Walter Iooss Jr. **86**—Manny Millan. **88,90**—George Tiedemann. **96**—Chuck Wielgus Jr. **96**—Charles Shelton—Courier-Journal and Louisville Times.

FACES IN THE CROWD



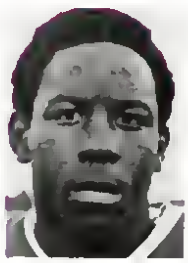
ANTONIO MANNING
LOS ANGELES

Antonio, 16, a sprinter for the Los Angeles Jets track club, ran the 100-meter dash in 10.6 and the 200 in 21.2 to set two national intermediate-division records at The Athletic Congress' boys' age-group track and field championships.



DIANA REPP
FAIRFIELD, IOWA

Diana, 13, one of two girl players in the Fairfield Little League, averaged 13 strikeouts a game and threw two no-hitters and three one-hitters in leading her VFW-sponsored team to a 14–2 record. She also batted .570 on the season.



BEN WILLIAMS
NORTH POLE, ALASKA

Ben, a senior tailback at North Pole High, ran for 1,080 yards on 129 carries and had 11 touchdowns in leading his team to a 4–1 record. He has had two 300-yard games, and seven of his TDs have come on runs of more than 51 yards.



TOMASINE POLIZZI
GROSSE POINTE, MICH.

Polizzi, an Albion College senior, had all five goals in a 5–3 field hockey win over Olivet. She has paced the Bretons to three Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association titles and set single-season league records for goals (17) and points (34).





BOB CAMPREGHER
ANAHEIM, CALIF.

LEB ZOLLMAN
WHITTIER, CALIF.

Campregher, 35, a sometime bar owner, and Zollman, 27, a warehouseman, won the light heavyweight and lefthanded open titles, respectively, at the World Amateur Armwrestling Championships in La Mirada, Calif. In their divisions both have been national amateur champions for the past three years and have been undefeated in two years of competition. Campregher also won Referee of the Year honors, and Zollman added the middleweight righthanded title to his southpaw championship.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

MIGHTY RAM

Sir:

Thank you for Rick Telander's article on Nolan Cromwell (*Best NFL Athlete? Nolan Contendere*, Oct. 26). It's about time somebody recognized the great Ram free safety. He is, for sure, the best athlete in the NFL.

NATT EDSON
Fullerton, Calif.

Sir:

Cromwell is the only player I have ever seen who has hit Earl Campbell straight up and knocked him backward. What a player!

BOB GOLDSTON
Dunbar, W Va

Sir:

Not only is Cromwell possibly the best NFL athlete, but, considering his accomplishments, he may also be one of the world's best all-around athletes.

ALAN ESTRADA
Dana Point, Calif

GRASPING THE NETTLE

Sir:

Your dramatic action cover photo of Graig Nettles (Oct. 26) was welcomed as highly deserved recognition for this great New York Yankee veteran. Through all his years as a Yankee, Nettles has proved to be consistently reliable not only as a sure-handed defensive performer at third base but also as a superior clutch performer at the plate.

Largely due to Nettles' continued professional contribution, the Yankees won their fourth American League pennant in the last six years, and until Nettles injured himself in the second game of the Series, they appeared headed toward their third world championship in five years. With all due respect to Brooks Robinson, I feel Graig Nettles is the greatest third baseman of all time.

WILLIAM B. SCHNECK
Moosic, Pa.

Sir.

For the 10 years from 1971 through 1980—I exclude 1981 because of the strike—Nettles averaged 24 homers, 81 RBIs, a .432 slugging percentage, and scored 75 runs per season. Only now is he getting some of the recognition he deserves.

PHILIP HIRSCHKORN
New York City

THE BRONCOS

Sir:

So "the Broncos were the only NFL team that declared a loss last year" (*Denver Is Mile-High Once Again*, Oct. 19). Bronco owners may "declare" all the losses they want but we suggest a different analysis.

Using NFLPA research for 1980 Denver income, let's be conservative. League documents show Denver had net gate revenues of over $6.9 million—ninth-highest in the NFL. As its share of League broadcasting contracts, and from preseason TV and local radio, Denver made around $6.1 million. The club also took in a minimum $1 million from interest earned on short-term capital investments, from NFL Films, ads in *PRO!* magazine and other sources. Added up, that's at least $14 million in income.

For expenditures, we'll be generous. Denver's player costs—probably among the league's highest—may have been around $6.5 million. Other operating costs—the coaching staff, front office travel, training camps, equipment, etc.—were probably around the league-wide $4.8 million mark, but let's assume an even $5 million.

With revenues of at least $14 million and expenditures of around $11.5 million, it would seem reasonable to estimate that former Bronco owner Gerald H. Phipps made at least a $2.5 million profit in 1980—somewhat below the league average of $5.1 million but a nice profit nevertheless.

Remember, as Pete Rozelle has said, it takes a genius to lose money in the NFL. Neither new owner Edgar Kaiser nor Phipps is that.

M.J. DUBERSTEIN
Director of Research
National Football League
Players Association
Washington

THE RATINGS GAME

Sir:

Clemson University supporters deserve an explanation of why in your Oct. 26 issue you rate Georgia fifth in the nation and Clemson seventh. I am not questioning why Clemson is rated seventh (although the AP has Clemson fourth and the UPI fifth), but why do you put Georgia *above* Clemson?

Having watched the Clemson-Georgia game from the 50-yard line and seen a complete replay of the game on TV, I believe Clemson deserves to be ranked ahead of Georgia. Even though Georgia turned the ball over nine times that day, it was the Tigers' "Paws and Claws" defense that caused those turnovers. Incidentally, the Paws and Claws have given up fewer points than any other major team (through Oct. 30) and lead in turnover margin.

BOBO RICHARDSON
Barnwell, S.C.

• SI ranked Clemson fourth, Georgia fifth in the Nov. 2 issue. Clemson third, Georgia fourth in this issue.—ED

Sir:

I've usually found Herm Weiskopf's section on college football to be superb. But in your Oct. 26 issue, his Top 20 was incredibly inaccurate. The first three (Penn State, North Carolina, Pittsburgh) made a good start, but then he went crazy. How could he put USC, Georgia and SMU ahead of Clemson? USC has lost a game and Clemson soundly defeated Georgia. The Tigers and SMU have identical records, but Clemson has played a tougher schedule. Although Clemson isn't a perennial football power, the Tigers are having a great season and deserve more recognition.

JEFF KAYLOR
Stanley, N.C.

Sir:

As longtime Penn State football fans and, currently, students, we feel you've put down our football team once too often.

Throughout this season SI has featured the No. 1 team on its cover and in an article. So tell me, why did you feature Pitt (*They're Making Names for Themselves*, Oct. 26) in a major article the week Penn State became the No. 1 team in the country? Amazingly enough, SI even ranked Penn State No. 1! But we had to search the magazine to find any mention of Penn State's game and Curt Warner's extraordinary effort—256 yards, a Penn State record.

MARK SCHILLACI
STEVE CHRISTMAN
University Park, Pa.

• Alas, no search will be necessary to disclose an account of Penn State's latest game. See page 32.—ED

Sir:

I am thoroughly disappointed that you seem to rate Florida State as a second-rate club. Without a doubt, we have the toughest schedule in the country. After we beat Ohio State and Notre Dame in succession on the road, the only time you mentioned us was when we lost to a very fine football team—Pittsburgh.

Also, you failed to rank the twice-in-a-row Top Ten Seminoles in your bogus SI Top 20 poll. It's about time you realized that FSU and Bobby Bowden have an excellent football program and deserve more credit than they receive.

MICHAEL J. SPOSATO
Vero Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Too often, Pitt is underrated at the national level, by writers and fans alike. In SI's Top 20 for this week, after a stunning victory over Florida State, Pitt is still ranked behind North

Carolina. This has to be the greatest mistake since Johnny Majors went to Tennessee!

*FRANCIS M. McCOOL
Patrick AFB, Fla.

FLYING DOCTOR

Sir:

Bob Arnot is truly a one-of-a-kind athlete (*What's Up? Doc*, Oct. 19). However, the way you describe his flying, it's a wonder he's still around.

As a professional pilot, I, like the pilot whose letter appeared in last week's 19TH HOLE, find his antics in the skies not daring but downright dangerous. Buzzing houses in the fog, joining the Mile High club at one of the nation's busiest airports and practicing his trumpet—it's a wonder he has logged as many hours as he has. With that type of flying, he's an accident waiting to happen.

Also, if his Beechcraft isn't pressurized or he isn't wearing an oxygen mask, he won't have his license much longer. Flying above 14,000 feet without supplemental oxygen is a direct violation of regulations.

Please, Dr. Arnot, clean up your flying act. Not only for your sake, but for mine and other pilots who share the skies with you.

KARL JACOBSON
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Dr. Robert Arnot is certainly an active, fun-loving guy, great at parties and maybe even a good physician. However, I do object to the Ivy League dilettante image he conveys about my specialty of emergency medicine.

Emergency medicine has had a reputation of being a haven for itinerant, gypsy, vagabond physicians who are in it only for the money and without any long-term investment in either their community or the specialty. Other career emergency physicians and I are working to change this image. I regret that my profession was portrayed by Dr. Arnot.

I wish Dr. Arnot success in his future athletic endeavors, but hope he leaves the practice of emergency medicine to trained, career-oriented physicians.

J.S. STAPCZYNSKI, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Medicine
Department of Emergency Medicine
Harbor-UCLA Medical Center
Torrance, Calif.

NO SWEAT

Sir:

Thanks so much for making sweat (*The Story of Sweat*, Oct. 26) socially acceptable. Now America has only two worries left: panty line and whether to use a fluoride or a gel toothpaste.

STEVE JONES
St. Benedict, Ore.

PIT STOP

Sir:

It is with great interest that I read your article on the Caesars Palace Grand Prix (*Gears and Loathing in Las Vegas*, Oct. 26).

continued



MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.



He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there's no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.



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FREEMAN

I have long been a Formula I fan, and I regularly attended the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, where the race was held until this year. I have always admired your coverage of Formula I drivers, it is unequaled. However, one matter is unexplained. The hierarchy of the sport has shown flat-out cowardice in explaining the move from the Glen to Vegas. First, they blamed track conditions. After improvements in the track were made, the reason given was back debt. At that point, a number of public and private concerns offered a bailout. Still no go!

The truth is that the world of Formula I is a world of high rollers, of weeks spent in places like Rio, Buenos Aires and Monaco. For these people, Las Vegas is much more appealing than upstate New York. I can understand why this is so. It's a shame, though, that they hide behind complaints about money and track conditions and then run the race in a parking lot.

DAVE HALL
Oneonta, N.Y.

IN A TRAP

Sir:

In your Oct. 26 SCORECARD you write of the four-way scramble at the end-of-the-season Pensacola Open among golfers Tom Kite, Ray Floyd, Tom Watson and Bruce Lietzke.

Your final comment on the very tight race for seasonal honors was "So who needs Nicklaus vs. Palmer anyway?"

I dare you to schedule a series of matches on the same golf course on successive days offering Jerry Pate vs. Kite, Floyd vs. Watson, Bill Rogers vs. Lietzke and finally Palmer vs. Nicklaus.

Tell the owners of the golf course that they can have all the proceeds from three of the matches if they let you have the proceeds from just one of your choice. If you choose any but the Palmer-Nicklaus match, you've got rocks in your head.

ED MARTIN
Phoenix

Sir:

"So who needs Nicklaus vs. Palmer anyway?"

Golf and the fans need them.

JEFF HENDLER
Pasco, Wash.

SPORTSMAN

Sir:

While Leonard, McEnroe and Gretzky may be strong contenders, it should still take your editors no longer than 3 minutes, 47.33 seconds to choose Sebastian Coe as Sportsman of the Year.

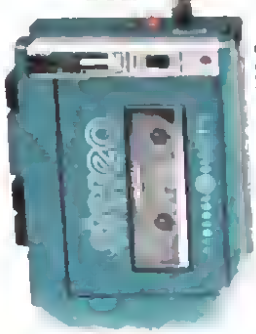
IRV WEISS
Toronto

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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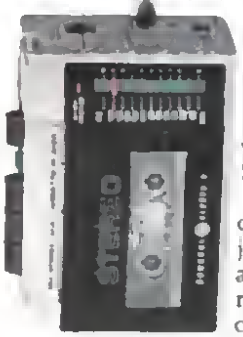


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PERSPECTIVE

by CAMPBELL GEESLIN

JEAN COCTEAU'S VISION: SERAPHIM IN THE LOW POST AND CHERUBIM AT GUARD

Some American basketball players from the Bob Cousy-George Mikan-Bob Pettit era have been immortalized in a French church—and they aren't even aware of it. Neither, as far as I know, is anyone else.

In 1957 I was with a group of travel writers touring the south of France. Among our stops was the newly redecorated Chapelle Saint-Pierre in the fishing village of Villefranche-sur-Mer, on the Mediterranean near Nice. Jean Cocteau, the artist who had planned and executed the project, conducted us through the chapel. Not long before, Henri Matisse had designed the interior of the famous Chapelle du Rosaire at nearby Vence, and Cocteau—who had dabbled in films, painting, poetry, ballet, theater, costume design, ceramics, sculpture and other aspects of the arts—was out to show us that anything any other artist could do, he could do, too.

The 14th-century chapel, which backs on the waters of the beautiful little harbor, had been used for decades as a storehouse for fishing gear. By promising the locals to make their village a tourist attraction, Cocteau had been given a free hand, and he had covered the interior walls and ceilings with murals: bold drawings with faint pastel shadings. St. Peter, the fisherman, a prominent character in these tableaux, walks on water in one panel. In another, Mary and the infant Jesus are serenaded by a dapper guitarist. In a third, pretty Villefranche maidens load a basket with fish.

The most prominent figures in the murals, however, are the angels painted on the chapel's walls and vaulted ceiling. They are tall and slender with big white wings, and they appear to be leaping. After the tour of the chapel, Cocteau and our party of journalists moved across the way to eat one of those lunches that one gets only in France.

The small restaurant had windows facing the sea. Tables had been pushed together into one long banquet board. Wild flowers were strewn along the center of the table, and there was much red wine, white wine and champagne, of course.

Cocteau took the seat at the head of the table. One of the well-seasoned writers proposed a toast. It was effusive. Everyone drank. Cocteau was delighted. The waiters poured more champagne. Cocteau responded with a salute to the group. Although there was a translator, Cocteau's English was perfectly adequate. The most memorable thing about him was his desire to please, to entertain and delight us. His eyes, piercingly bright in his hawklike face, shifted constantly and quickly. He had a ravaged look, the result, I decided as I stared at him, of his notorious opium addiction, which he had reportedly brought under control.

The meal was memorable, too. The marvelous fish, Cocteau explained, had come from the sea that morning. We were at the table so long that by the time the six or seven courses had been served, all the flowers had wilted.

After cheeses and fruit and coffee, most of the journalists wandered off to the docks, but I stayed behind for a moment with Cocteau. "Where did you get the idea that angels look like leaping men?" I asked him. "Why don't your angels look like babies, like cupids?"

"I had that idea a long time," he said, clapping his hands in pleasure. He was delighted that someone had noticed. "My friends in the States send me newspapers with photographs of your basketball players, and I save them because they are so beautiful. Angels are exactly like these men, like these basketball men leaping into the air. I know this. And so I have sports players on the walls and ceiling of my chapel. Can you see this idea now?"



Cocteau's hoopy angels, depicted on a wall of the chapel at Villefranche-sur-Mer

Thus, while the conventional thinking is that the chapel in Villefranche was decorated for the greater glory of St. Peter and the tourist business, the artist also celebrated the unmatched beauty, as he saw it, of American basketball players in action.

Come to think of it, the peculiar gesture of the big angel just under the sun (which looks like a basketball) seems to be that of a player delivering a hook shot, while the little angel to his left is clearly bringing the ball down the court. END



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